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*LETTER FROM GERMANY**

by

D.H. LAWRENCE

We are going back to Paris tomorrow, so this is the last moment to write a letter from Germany. Only from the fringe of Germany, too.

It is a miserable journey from Paris to Nancy, through that Marne country, where the country still seems to have had the soul blasted out of it, though the dreary fields are ploughed and level, and the pale wire trees stand up. But it is all void and null. And in the villages, the smashed houses in the street rows, like rotten teeth between good teeth.

You come to Strasburg, and the people still talk Alsatian German, as ever, in spite of French shop-signs. The place feels dead. And full of cotton goods, white goods, from Mülhausen, from the factories that once were German. Such cheap white cotton goods, in a glut.

The cathedral front rearing up high and flat and fanciful, a sort of darkness in the dark, with round rose windows and long, long prisons of stone. Queer, that men should have ever wanted to put stone upon fanciful stone to such a height, without having it fall

* Lawrence wrote this in March, 1924.

down. The Gothic! I was always glad when my card-castle fell. But these Goths and Alemans seemed to have a craze for peaky heights.

The Rhine is still the Rhine, the great divider. You feel it as you cross. The flat, frozen, watery places. Then the cold and curving river. Then the other side, seeming so cold, so empty, so frozen, so forsaken. The train stands and steams fiercely. Then it draws through the flat Rhine plain, past frozen pools of flood-water, and frozen fields, in the emptiness of this bit of occupied territory.

Immediately you are over the Rhine, the spirit of place has changed. There is no more attempt at the bluff of geniality. The marshy places are frozen. The fields are vacant. There seems nobody in the world.

It is as if the life had retreated eastwards. As if the Germanic life were slowly ebbing away from contact with Western Europe, ebbing to the deserts of the east. And there stand the heavy, ponderous, round hills of the Black Forest, black with an inky blackness of Germanic trees, and patched with a whiteness of snow. They are like a series of huge, involved black mounds, obstructing the vision eastwards. You look at them from the Rhine plain, and know that you stand on an actual border, up against something.

The moment you are in Germany, you know. It feels empty, and, somehow, menacing. So must the Roman soldiers have watched those black, massive round hills: with a certain fear, and with the knowledge that they were at their own limit. A fear of the invisible

natives. A fear of the invisible life lurking among the woods. A fear of their own opposite.

So it is with the French: this almost mystic fear. But one should not insult even one's fears.

Germany, this bit of Germany, is very different from what it was two-and-a-half years ago, when I was here. Then it was still open to Europe. Then it still looked to western Europe for a reunion, for a sort of reconciliation. Now that is over. The inevitable, mysterious barrier has fallen again, and the great leaning of the Germanic spirit is once more eastwards, towards Russia, towards Tartary. The strange vortex of Tartary has become the positive centre again, the positivity of western Europe is broken. The positivity of our civilization has broken. The influences that come, come invisibly out of Tartary. So that all Germany reads *Beasts, Men and Gods* with a kind of fascination. Returning again to the fascination of the destructive East, that produced Attila.

So it is at night. Baden-Baden is a little quiet place, all its guests gone. No more Turgenievs or Dostoievskys or Grand Dukes or King Edwards coming to drink the waters. All the outward effect of a world-famous watering-place. But empty now, a mere Black Forest village with the wagon-loads of timber going through, to the French.

The Rentenmark, the new gold mark of Germany, is abominably dear. Prices are high in England, but English money buys less in Baden than it buys in London, by a long chalk. And there is no work ---

consequently no money. Nobody buys anything except absolute necessities. The shop-keepers are in despair. And there is less and less work.

Everybody gives up the telephone --- can't afford it. The tram-cars don't run, except about three times a day to the station. Up to the Annaberg, the suburb, the lines are rusty, no trams ever go. The people can't afford the ten pfennigs for the fare. Ten pfennigs is an important sum now: one penny. It is really a hundred milliards of marks.

Money becomes insane, and people with it.

At night the place is almost dark, economizing light. Economy, economy, economy --- that too becomes an insanity. Luckily the government keeps bread fairly cheap.

But at night you feel strange things stirring in the darkness, strange feelings stirring out of this still-unconquered Black Forest. You stiffen your backbone and listen to the night. There is a sense of danger. It is not the people. They don't seem dangerous. Out of the very air comes a sense of danger, a queer, *bristling* feeling of uncanny danger.

Something has happened. Something has happened which has not yet eventuated. The old spell of the old world has broken, and the old, bristling, savage spirit has set in. The war did not break the old peace-and-production hope of the world, though it gave it a severe wrench. Yet the old peace-and-production hope still governs, at least the consciousness. Even in Germany it has not quite gone.

But it feels as if, virtually, it were gone. The last two years have done it. The hope in peace-and-production is broken. The old flow, the old adherence is ruptured. And a still older flow has set in. Back, back to the savage polarity of Tartary, and away from the polarity of civilized Christian Europe. This, it seems to me, has already happened. And it is a happening of far more profound import than any actual *event*. It is the father of the next phase of events.

And the feeling never relaxes. As you travel up the Rhine valley, still the same latent sense of danger, of silence, of suspension. Not that the people are actually planning or plotting or preparing. I don't believe it for a minute. But something has happened to the human soul, beyond all help. The human soul recoiling now from unison, and making itself strong elsewhere. The ancient spirit of pre-historic Germany coming back, at the end of history.

The same in Heidelberg. Heidelberg full, full, full of people. Students the same, youths with rucksacks the same, boys and maidens in gangs come down from the hills. The same, and not the same. These queer gangs of *Young Socialists*, youths and girls, with their non-materialistic professions, their half-mystic assertions, they strike one as strange. Something primitive, like loose, roving gangs of broken, scattered tribes, so they affect one. And the swarms of people somehow produce an impression of silence, of secrecy, of stealth. It is as if everything and everybody recoiled away from the old unison, as barbarians lurking in a wood recoil

out of sight. The old habits remain. But the bulk of the people have no money. And the whole stream of feeling is reversed.

So you stand in the woods above the town and see the Neckar flowing green and swift and slippery out of the gulf of Germany, to the Rhine. And the sun sets slow and scarlet into the haze of the Rhine valley. And the old, pinkish stone of the ruined castle across looks sultry, the marshalry is in shadow below, the peaked roofs of old, tight Heidelberg compressed in its river gateway glimmer and glimmer out. There is a blue haze.

And it all looks as if the years were wheeling swiftly backwards, no more onwards. Like a spring that is broken and whirls swiftly back, so time seems to be whirling with mysterious swiftness to a sort of death. Whirling to the ghost of the old Middle Ages of Germany, then to the Roman days, then to the days of the silent forest and the dangerous, lurking barbarians.

Something about the Germanic races is unalterable. White-skinned, elemental, and dangerous. Our civilization has come from the fusion of the dark-eyes with the blue. The meeting and mixing and mingling of the two races has been the joy of our ages. And the Celt has been there, alien, but necessary as some chemical re-agent to the fusion. So the civilization of Europe rose up. So these cathedrals and these thoughts.

But now the Celt is the disintegrating agent. And the Latin and southern races are falling out of association with the northern races, the northern Germanic

impulse is recoiling towards Tartary, the destructive vortex of Tartary.

It is a fate; nobody can alter it. It is a fate. The very blood changes. Within the last three years, the very constituency of the blood has changed, in European veins. But particularly in Germanic veins.

At the same time, we have brought it about ourselves --- by a Ruhr occupation, by an English nullity, and by a German false will. We have done it ourselves. But apparently it was not to be helped.

Quos vult perdere Deus, dementat prius.

Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make insane.

ACTIVE NEGATION

by

MICHÆL FRÆNKEL

I

The real problem today, as at any time, is one of enthusiasm. I do not agree with Emerson that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm; I believe nothing was achieved. Enthusiam is of the very essence of human activity, creative or otherwise. When people lose their enthusiasm. including the poets, it'sa bad time for the poets --- and everybody else. Life has become a pretty drab affair, because it's so hard to make poems, and to read them.

An American University professor warned us some time ago that the greatest danger threatening humanity is the ever-growing sense of futility. He thought something should or could be done about it. In this, it seems to me, he missed the point. If it is real, this sense of futility, and I dare say it is, it is as real as the weather, it is our mental weather. And what can we do about the weather? About as much as people do about their sense of futility --- take it and like it. In fact, what few

enthusiasms people still have are precisely about this very thing, the weather, how bad things are. How bad the crops are, or the floods, or the unbalanced budget, or the falling church membership, or the increase in crime, or the rise of dictators, or the fall of the currency, or the threat of war, or the paucity of human contacts, etc., etc. Without knowing it, most of us are out in the rain, flying old Dr. Franklin's kite --- stealing fire from heaven. The pity is we do not quite know what we are really about. For there is something deeper here than just a peculiar mental quirk. There is a very profound and deep-seated state of mind back of this negative phenomenon. Properly understood and appraised it should stand us in very good stead. The worse things are the better they are. If we only recognized how pertinent and apt this particular bit of racial wisdom is at this time, we would find it a source of enthusiasm such as our old positive "enthusiasms" can no longer supply.

How and where do most people stand today? There are first the older optimists, those who would believe that if things are bad, they are bound to get better if we only stick to our tether. Under whatever name they go, whether Classicist in literature, Royalists in politics, or Anglo-Catholics in religion, they make up the greatest number of those who run our governments and affairs, write our books, set our mental and moral patterns. But what a sorry spectacle they present in the course of time. Somehow, there is always a corner that prosperity does not quite turn, the budget remains un-

balanced, the debts mount, the money slips, the church attendance dwindles, the novel stutters, the poem gets dropsy. Then there are the younger optimists, those who would do away with the present order, and usher in the New Jerusalem. "By their shirts, by their slogans, by their simplicity, you may know them" --- the Fascists, the Communists, the New Dealers, the Humanists, the New-Worders, the New-Classicists, the New-Catholics. They fare no better. The New Dawn never breaks; the Model State turns to right, left, and in the middle, and finally settles down just about where the old left off: Workman's Art, National Art, New-Word Art --- high art seems to be as far away as ever. Disillusioned in the end many of these younger optimists either go in for another hopeful revolution, or else with the older disillusioned ones join the finishing school of the What's-the-Users, those without hope or hope of hope, who simply paddle in the "muddy sands of disenchantment."

I do not know how to classify myself except perhaps as one of the end-of-the-rope people who jumped off. I realized the rope was dangling over nothing, that I was at the end of it, and that it would not turn into a ladder to God or the Eiffel tower simply because I wished or hoped to have it so. So I jumped off. In doing so, I experienced a fresh sense of reality, a kind of last, desperate reality, perhaps, but real none the less. I jumped and came upon something that seems valid to me, whatever be today's weather or tomorrow's. Briefly, it is a kind of creative attitude about our sense

of futility and non-belief. One may call it by some such name as "Active Negation."

The older and younger optimists, with one thing or another alway going wrong, and hope following hope in unvarying disappointment, re-enact within themselves something very close to a kind of spiritual suicide. Neither the conservative hope that things will get better tomorrow if we stick to our last today, nor the revolutionary one that the new scheme will work if we scrap the old, ever materializes. As for the What's-the-Users, whether of the intellectual or the common garden variety, they finally wind up in the mumbling --- the Mumblers' School --- of old people, or else they are run over by trucks I expect things to fail. I embrace despair whole-heartedly. Thus, I am never disappointed, and never lose my enthusiasm, for the way the world is going there is simply no end of things to be hopeless about. In thus clarifying one's ideas, "Active Negation" makes it possible to maintain a consistently valid attitude toward one's self and the world.

II

Contemporary lines and divisions will be found to be drawn and controlled for the most part on the basis of a purely *counterpointal* opposition. Their structural character seems to follow this pattern: This poem, novel or painting is *not* a masterpiece; that poem, novel or painting is *not* a masterpiece. Fascism is *not* the way to peace or freedom; Communism is *not* the way

to peace or freedom. The gold standard will *not* save us from bankruptcy; a managed currency will *not* save us from bankruptcy. Science and the machine will *not* get us out of our present impasse; a simpler economic and social organization will *not* get us out of our present impasse. And so on and so on. Each of these propositions can be reduced to one or several smaller ones; but all of them will be found to reveal a corresponding negative disposition. What we have here is not merely the negative side of the normal dialectical equation, the *con*, that is, of the *pro*, but rather an equation in which one side, the positive, has dropped out altogether; an equation, in other words, with just one arm, as it were. This will become perfectly clear once we bear in mind the normal character of the dialectical proposition. For example: if A and B are in conflict over the interpretation of the Holy Sacrament, A's opposition will consist of two sides, in varying degree of strength: one, the positive, the affirmation of A's conception of the Holy Sacrament; and two, the negative, the negation of B's conception of it. A's opposition, then, is a scale with two sides, the positive and negative. In Luther's opposition to the church there was the negation of what the church believed; but there was also the *affirmation* of what *he* believed. In the contemporary opposition the positive side weighs so little in the balance it can hardly be said to exist at all. We are negating the Church, and doing little else.[1]

1. Numerous examples of this can be cited from all fields.

Active Negation draws on the *total* negation im-

A few will suffice. Edmund Wilson writing about Bernard de Voto (New Republic, February 3, 1937) points out that Mr. de Voto carps and finds fault and "tears his hair" at the weaknesses and contradictions of others. But does Mr. de Voto offer, he asks, some positive point of view of his own? "He *sounds* as if his strictures on other people's doctrines were based on some deeply thought out philosophy of which he was very sure, yet though we keep on reading him in the interested expectation of finding out what that philosophy is, the revelation never breaks." In other words, Mr. de Voto has nothing positive of his own to offer; he is simply engaged in the great task of negating some particular thing or other ... In science, too, the older positive attitude is giving way to a negative one. Our professor Joads are warning us that "our incurable inventiveness will destroy civilization unless we can learn to control its results before it is too late." ... In politics, Hitler and Mussolini remind us that Fascism is only a defense movement against Communism. Fascism is the negation of Communism. Of what and to what extent, is Fascism the affirmation? We hear little about that ... Founded as it is in a basic positive philosophy we might have expected the Proletarian State to act from an underlying positive motivation. But the shades of Trotsky! To the extent the U.S.S.R. has abandoned the world revolutionary front --- for the time being, says Stalin --- it has abandoned the organic logic of the class struggle and degenerated into a fight simply against the bourgeoisie, and more specifically, against its most aggressive present phase, Fascism. The positive side of its program, the fight *for* Marxism, waits.

pulse underlying the mental climate, instead of on any one individual expression of it. The individual negations, as they are haphazard and unconscious expressions of the negation impulse remain ineffectual and self-defeating; over a given period their effects cancel each other out. The trouble with them is that they still express a hope. By negating some specific thing or other, the hope, implicit or explicit, is that some specific adjustment will be affected, some specific equilibrium attained. We lose sight of the fact that the very thing negated is itself only a negation of something else; that of and by itself it has no intrinsic positive validity. In the end, then, what one has really accomplished in liquidating one's opponent is to liquidate oneself, i.e. the latent hope which formed the basis of one's own negation. It's a hollow victory, and only deepens one's sense of frustration. Active Negation is a conscious and deliberate recognition of the underlying negation impulse itself. It does not negate any one thing, or part, or half,[2] but the whole; it aligns itself not with any one current, but with the entire stream. Acting on the basic principle that there is no more hope, it resolves the internal contradictions inherent in the individual negations, and proves a general solvent.

2. Like the Proletarian Action which divides society into two parts, Proletariat and bourgeoisie, and negates one.

III

Humanity has, of course, muddled through situations like the present one, before, and will undoubtedly do so again. We are not permanently bogged here, to be sure. The only question is: How long will it take us to muddle through? Manifestly, we should like to go through this period as quickly as possible. That being so, it is dangerous to dissipate whatever powers some of us may still have for creative enthusiasm (and thus for creative action) in modes of action and thought that are foredoomed to failure.

In saying this I by no means wish to conceal the fact that I am thinking primarily of the exceptional creative person whom the great mass occasionally throws up, and who ultimately forms the tone-feeling of the time. It's a question of saving what little of the creative impulse he may still have, instead of seeing it dissipated in demoralizing disappointments and shattered hopes. As for the great mass of people, whether of the optimistic or the I-don't-care variety, they don't have the creative sense to be influenced very much one way or the other. It is the exceptional person, who feels in some way his responsibility to himself and his time, who is most keenly affected by this process of constantly being let down. And it is just this person whose vital source of creative energy humanity cannot afford to lose right now. "Active Negation" enables such an individual to keep his enthusiasm going by allowing him to use his sense of futility *creatively*. Enthusiasm,

it holds, allows the individual to act; and the action is directed toward hastening the forces of disintegration and decay. Toward liquidating all false idealisms and false optimisms. It dramatizes his despair *historically*, in relation to the inmost meaning of the time, and not merely in relation to some private ache or pain of his own, which may be only indirectly related to the great Social Ache. The despair becomes a social vehicle for the destruction of the order which produced it. Thus there is put back into the world that amount of creative vision and enthusiasm which it lost by an individual act of hope ending in disillusionment and despair.

"Active Negation" stresses the importance of maintaining the creative vitality of the unique individual only in so far as this creative vitality is necessary to accelerate the present disruptive forces, and *thus* reduce the chances of humanity settling down to the long "normal", the long Chinese trek. Our current "leaders", controlled by their own private little systems in personal egotism, and taking off from motivations which invariably end in failure, only find themselves in one long, permanent impasse. "Active Negation" simply shells the impasse from the top, and we find ourselves on clear, open ground, with all roads open, as all roads lead to no-Jerusalem and no-Rome.

IV

To the extent that a tradition, any tradition, has never meant a new point of departure but rather an old *point d'appui*, it has always been a negative thing. Its

only positive value is as it helps to keep a vital form alive. Today, however, when the form is entirely spent, the vitality fictive, tradition is positively harmful from every standpoint. It saves nothing, it simply grounds us further in the forces of decay from which we wish to escape. The great failures of the past have been due to the degree in which their authors modelled themselves after past modes of action and thought. Napoleon, we are told, failed because Hannibal failed. He clung too much to the older model. But there was still enough *realized* hope in Napoleon's time to cover even a failure. Today there is so much *unrealized* hope it covers even a success. We cannot afford to have any more Napoleons who fail. We need non-Napoleons who do not fail as they do not model themselves after Napoleons who wanted to succeed.

This is manifestly impossible if the unique individual allows himself to act from present motivations. This is to hope, and to hope is to be disillusioned and let down in the end. At this extreme point, it is rather the unknown and the unpredictable that should lay the largest claim on us. The true man of action --- or intellectual --- of today thinks and acts from no known or accepted principles, but from their complete negation. He realizes, as Professor Jung has said, that we stand on the edge of a void "from which all things may spring." Acting from this sense of absolute freedom, no matter what happens, he can at least get a fresh sense of life, and that's really the primary thing --- the fresh sense of life.

"Active Negation" is not interested in any goal or end as such. The notion of end necessarily predicates some sort of standard, a criterion of what is and what is not valid as a basis of action. But unless it be the negation itself, "Active Negation" recognizes no such standard. It has no hope to grind, from the immortality of the soul to universal peace. Finally, the tyranny of goals is ended. Have we not had enough? We feel we establish in this way something like the natural equilibrium which may be said to have existed in the *least* intellectual age. We return to the most natural principles of human conduct. On such a level of innocence of ends and aims, we have some chance of producing a non-Napoleon.

V

Underlying the principles of "Active Negation" is an attitude toward life, art, literature, ethics and human behaviour in general, that enables the creative individual to find and realize himself, within the possibilities of himself and his time. It saves him from being sunk to the level of the world with its insane hopes and debilitating disappointments, on the one hand, and the complete break with the world that ultimately ends in heartbreak and tragedy, on the other. It allows him his vision of things beyond, yet does not deprive him of an integrating point with reality. He maintains intact the sense of polarity so vitally necessary if one's activity, in whatever field, is to have significance and authority for one's time. Nietzsche's experience at

the turn of the century was already a warning. "*De toute la force de sa raison il se poussait a la folie, comme vers un refuge,*"* Gide remarks in speaking of his tragic end. Had Nietzsche, however, risen above the world as he did above himself, this would not have been necessary. He might have spared himself his purgatory. But Nietzsche after all was the incurable romantic; he expected too much of the world, and it let him down. The callous disregard it showed --- or failed to show --- him, crushed him. He still expected things of society. Yet, as it seems to me, it should have been evident even then that there was really not much more to expect. The great cause of enlightenment had already been fought --- and lost --- and what was there to do about things, except to let them take their course, and liquidate? But it remained for us, with *our* vaster experience of blasted hopes, to realize this. Nietzsche was not desperate enough.

From the standpoint of the creative activity itself, "Active Negation" serves as a gauge of what is and what is not still possible as an artistic or creative aim. In literature (for example) we do not waste time and effort looking for a method whereby the impossible masterpiece may be produced. On the other hand, we realize that no more significant work can be done than that which springs from the realization that the creative sources are likely to be at the lowest ebb. That the emotional or intellectual vigour of a Marlowe or Rabelais is no longer possible, and that the best that can be done will stand no comparison with the best that has

* "*With all the force of his reason he drove himself to madness, as a refuge.*"

been done. We act in a limited but valid way about what is realistically possible. We do not expect the impossible masterpiece, so we do not throw away the opportunity of the personal record. On the other hand, the belief that creative literature of a high order is written today, or *can* be under favorable conditions --- National or Soviet Writers' Guilds --- results in an unwarranted encouragement of what is written. Instead of making for the quick, final cessation of mediocrity, it doses mediocrity into a chronic disease. We are in the state of a long, lingering illness in which the so-called "masterpiece of the day" serves as a temporary stimulant. Would it not be better to let the disease run its normal course?

VI

Back of "Active Negation", finally, is something of no little significance. I can at best only suggest it here. It is, namely, that one cannot continue to act for very long from a consistently inspired attitude such as it implies without ultimately affecting the mental climate of the time. I said earlier one can do nothing about the weather. By accepting and living it out, though, it spends itself, and in spending itself turns spontaneously into something else --- into another kind of weather. (If this sounds like a hope, it is one only as all other hopes are not.)

By the very negation of the existing body of belief (expressed in hopes), "Active Negation" serves as a spiritual ferment. We know definitely what we are ne-

gating. But do we know as definitely what it is that we are thereby affirming? For in the nature of things, every negation sets up a corresponding affirmation. What are those plus things our negations create? It would be hard to tell. We only know we move in a world of incalculably new possibilities whose reality impinges itself on our consciousness in some powerful way, but whose actual meaning is beyond our *rational* grasp. And precisely therein, in this inability to understand rationally the things indirectly affirmed by our negation, lies the deepest value of "Active Negation" as a spiritual leaven. It leads us, we are not ashamed to say, to believe in anything. By our negation of everything known we are ready to affirm everything unknown. The magic of faith is restored once more. We have thrown wide open the gates of the soul, so that God, the Unknown, for whom the way was too narrow before, may enter.

Here is where the decisive *transposition* takes place. As the reality of the unknown continues to grow on us, and possess us, the known we negated becomes less real. As the things negated recede further into the background, the unknown things they set up come more to the fore; soon the latter takes the place of the old plus things altogether, they are real now, no longer the unknown. From an emotional and intellectual foreground of dead fact we have moved gradually and imperceptibly into a background of living mythology. The negative mental climate has been superseded by a positive one. Out of the negation of the old a new world is born.

*BIG FIDDLE**

by

KAY BOYLE

V

The light was going fast now, lapsing (as light goes on the stage from day to twilight, from twilight to dark, in great quivering gulps), dying fast from the sky and the wide rolling land. The grass that had been brittle as bone by day was transformed now to dim bouquets of purple feather and the taller stronger clumps to rust-colored aigrettes. The bushes, even the closest ones, and the stunted trees, were seemingly melting into a wash of mild, unradiant dew that had fallen upon them alone, and the miles of country wore veils now of early darkness. Her face lay near to him, a blurred pale pointed oval against the grass, and he still touched her hair, her cheek, her shoulder, her hand, opening the unresisting fingers from her palm as if they, now that he knew everything else of her, still held some secret he had yet to know. The toes of her shoes looked old no longer in the failing light, the narrow-nailed fingers no longer soiled, the half-dark neither concealing nor transfiguring what was there but bringing to these things the share they had of blurred, peaceful tenderness.

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* The first part of this novelette appeared in the previous issue.

"So the way it was, I never had anybody, never any family or anything like that," he was saying, the words coming easier now. "I was put into the Home when I was maybe four or five years old, and then this woman, this Mrs. Carrigan I was telling you about, she was the matron there. She was a pretty swell woman at that," he said.

"They say your family's forced on you but you can always choose your friends," the girl said, her almost prim, wistful voice drifting up from the fading grass. It might never have taken place between them, never been; they might have been riding in the bus still, talking of friends, family, places they had been to, still strangers to each other's hot brief love.

"Sure," said Big Fiddle, breathing her breath, opening and closing her fingers in his hand. "Only my family died. I didn't have any say in it. So the state or the county or the church or whatever it was, they didn't have any choice either except to put me in this Home. There were about two hundred other boys there. It wasn't bad." He looked hard down into her face, searching for what was left in the engulfing darkness of eyes and mouth and human comprehension. "It wasn't so strict as all that," he said. "We had musical and all kinds of instruction," and he added with a certain sense of excitement as he said it: "It was a Catholic institution."

"Oh, I didn't know you were a Catholic like that!" the girl's voice said.

"Do you mind?" he asked quickly. He lay on one

hip, half-shielding her, protecting her, his eyes and his fingers on her face searching the small white pointed blur of flesh for answer.

"I knew a Catholic once, about two years ago it was," she said. "It was in the summer. There was a Catholic girl waiting on --- she was stopping on vacation at the Beach Hotel," she said.

He felt her stir closer to him, her head move nearer to his shoulder, and she drew her forearms in across her breasts like a young bird's still naked wings drawn inwards from the cold.

"Here, kid, you take my coat," he said, suddenly shocked by what might happen to her lying there in the grass and dampness in the cheap skirt, the silk stockings, the green sweater and nothing but the sleazy chemise under.

"If you're sure I'm not depriving you, reely --- " she said, sitting up. He let go of her long enough to rip his arms out of the waterproof and put it on her, and then he took her back against him, seated now, and carefully turned the long sleeves back from her wrists and fumbled the buttons over.

"You're my kid, you're my poor little kid," he said. "I got to take care of you right."

"You've seen a lot of young ladies in those nightclubs, I'm sure," she said. He held her tight against his shoulder, the frail thin collapsible frame clasped perishably in his arms.

"Yeah, sure," he said. "But I don't want them."

"Do you make good money playing in the band that way?" she said in a minute, and he said shortly:

"I make enough."

"Enough for what?" she said in a low careful voice, and he could feel her blood, her heart, her tiny white ears poised, her fluttering breath stopped, waiting for him to say.

"I make enough to get married on," he said quietly. "I was coming to that. I'm not the type who expects something for nothing. I didn't take you out here to knock you up and leave you. Only there're a couple of things I want to tell you first so's you'll know. I've been sick," he said in sudden bitterness. "I've been terribly sick --- "

He felt her coming guardedly, warily to speech.

"What kind of sickness did you have?" she said.

"Oh, nothing what you think," he said, trying to laugh. "Just my nerves, you know. Jittery, can't sleep at night. Maybe you're what the doctor ordered, honey," he said.

"I suppose you travel quite extensively, being a musican like that?" she said. "I suppose you're quite at home in gay Paree and all the flash capitals over there?"

"Sure, London, Paris, New York," Big Fiddle said, holding her against him. "But this time I want to go somewhere else. I thought I might go to Capri, but I don't want to make the jump alone --- "

"Do you speak the same language the way they speak it over there?" she said, her voice going shyer, dimmer, as if with wonder now.

"I can say a couple of words," he said. "They're wops. I can say 'vino roso' and 'spaghetti'."

"Excuse me if I seem to sound ignorant," she said, "but could you tell me why they speak different languages abroad? My girl friend and I were saying at the pictures the other night that it would certainly make things a lot easier all around if they all tried talking the same, like we do over here --- "

Perhaps believing now the time had come to hold him with her conversation and to produce the background, the history, the proofs of gentility, she began talking to him of home, the father become a Lieutenant-Commander now, the lost fortune, investments gone wrong, each thing acquiring its own name and designation: the brother given a horse-whip to flay her if he knew, the father a cane to break across her back, the mother grief to bear to the Ladies' Auxiliary, the church raffle, the Church of England raffle.

"She wears, you know, those black velvet hostess gowns, you know, with a kind of reel lace fichu thing around her shoulders and a cameo catching it, you know," the wistfully complaining voice went on against the slick wool of his jacket's flaring lapel; asking for nothing, not for respect, not for pity, not even to be believed, but saying: If ever I did anything on my own, took up with anybody or anything like that, you know, I'd have to give them all the slip. They'd never hear of me going with a Catholic or a Jew ... "

She told him about the old lady up on the Axmouth hill who had the manor house, and every summer it was the same: every fifteenth of August she had the bon-fire party at night and all the village up to dance;

and as he was seeing it, the good small sandwiches cut in the shape of triangles or hearts, the fruity punch, the refined abandon, the genteel merriment, this fear and this uncertainty within him began to say: You've got to hear what happened to me, you've got to stop and let me say it, you've got to know. Once the dancing underneath the Japanese lanterns on the Axmouth manor lawns had ceased, and the bon-fires been extinguished, and the white dress put aside, he went on saying as if he had started it some time back:

"There was a priest who sort of played the part of father to us in this Home I was telling you about. He was a great guy; his name was Father O'Malley. There wasn't anything he'd stop at, Father O'Malley. He was pitcher on the baseball team and you'd never of thought of him as being religious or anything like that. He was just like one of the other boys, playing ball with us and swimming half-naked in the summer, and everything like that. Anytime you wanted anything, it was always, 'ask Father O'Malley.' We got this idea of having this orchestra in the institution because some of the bigger guys that were there could play the piano, two or three of them, and one knew how to play the fiddle, and we got this idea of having a kind of band, so we got up a committee and took it to Father O'Malley. 'Sure, you're right, boys,' was what he said right off the bat. He said, 'you got hold of something good there.' So he saw to it. There was professors from the conservatory'd come over once a week and show us how to get on with it. Then a couple of times a month they

got so they took us up to the conservatory and we played with the first class students' orchestra there. There wouldn't have been any of that going on if it hadn't been for Father O'Malley. Mrs. Carrigan was all right, but she was different. The way she looked at it was, anything Father O'Malley said was okee-dokee. He was one of these priests that surprise you, you know; he'd kinda mixed in the world and knew what he was doing. He knew none of us were going to be sitting in that Home until we were old and gray and walking on canes, so he said, 'get going. Step on it, kids. It's a lively world you're in today and you'd better get wise to it early.' You know, he had a kind of modern lingo, not like the church talk or any of that stuff. He knew we were kids without a bean who had to make a living --- ''

''I should think you make out pretty well in your profession,'' she said discreetly when he stopped.

''Oh, sure,'' he said, and he thought a moment. ''Only I wanted to be a violinist, see. I wanted to be an A-1 concert fiddler. But I started out to late, I couldn't make the grade.'' He stopped, struck suddenly by the naturalness, the ease, with which he was saying these things to her. He might have been any green innocent boy talking, any young man in any country lying out on the grass on a summer evening saying these things simply and casually to his girl. There must be something forgotten, something mislaid, something left out that he'd come to in a minute. In a minute he'd remember what it was and start saying it to her, but all he could go on with now was: ''I'm getting on all right.

I haven't any kick coming. I can get a contract with the same band maybe when I get back," and then, holding her closer, he heard the inevitable words taking shape in the darkness. "Only you see I got into some kind of trouble. That's what happened. That's what I wanted to tell you."

He was on the verge of it now, feeling the thrust of purely physical anguish in his heart, and so he scarcely knew that she had spoken. She repeated it a second time before he got the sense of what she said.

"I was just saying, I suppose you always stop in posh hotels whenever you're travelling?"

Against his chin he felt the movement in her temple as she talked, and he pressed her tighter against him, stabbed again with the three mortal wounds of yearning and bliss and despair.

"Listen, kid," he said, murmuring it to the white hollow cheek. "I want to tell you the kind of deal I had." He moved one hand up along the waterproof's sleeve, feeling through the stuff of it the arm's fragile bone, mounted caressingly to the small shoulder's cup under the coat's cloth, and lingered. "This Mrs. Carrigan I was telling you about, this matron of the place us kids were put in, she was married and her old man was a street-car conductor. That was before they took the car rails up out there," he said. It was dark and windless and mild, and the humid air had a taste on his lips as if they were near to the sea. Behind or before them in the uneasy dark was the coast and the water breaking on it, and behind or before them stood the

prison, monstrous, inscrutable, strong. He could feel it, its touch professional as a doctor's at his wrist, his throat, as he sat in the wide frightening silent dark with the girl held in his arms.

"I knew right off by your clothes," she was saying. "As soon as I saw you walk into the tearoom back there at Brixton I said to myself, 'here's somebody who knows how to wear 'em' --- "

"Did you like me right off?" he asked quickly. "Did you like me like that right away?"; even while he said it, knowing the reprieve was nothing, not even a half hour of life prolonged but just exactly that minute allowed in which to hear her say it.

"I thought you were handsome looking, I thought you were intreeging right off," she said. "That's why I kept looking at you."

His hand held to the thin round shoulder-cup under the mackintosh and the dress's sleeve, holding it fast as if clinging to what still remained of pity's and salvation's corporeity. The lights of a car showed now, far away on the moors and slowly moving, slowly tracing the curves of an imaginary highroad that led towards a civilization that had a long time back waned and died.

"This Mrs. Carrigan I was telling you about, she had a daughter. I used to think she was a pretty nice kid," he said. The twin clouds of the car's light bloomed on the mists far from them, swelled pale yellow on the lengths and wraiths of fog, then turned off into the darkness, and he went on saying: "She was born there in the Home. She was born when I'd been about three

years in the institute. I was eight years older than she was, that's how I remember. I was about eight years old when this girl was born." Perhaps because she heard for the first time the pain in his voice now, or for the first time recognized it as pain, she leaned silently against him, not speaking, almost not thinking, the planning and conjecturing suddenly stilled. "She was the only girl we ever saw around," he said. "I mean, we saw them like that in the streets or at the conservatory when we went to play, but we never knew any all the time the way we knew her. I knew her all her life, ever since she was a baby. I used to push her around in the baby-coach the way all the other guys did, and that's what made it seem worse afterwards," he said. "But even knowing her like that it turned out I didn't know anything about her. I didn't know the kind of things she must have got on to pretty young. All the other guys knew it, but I must have been weak-minded, I must have been crazy or something. It seems when she was fourteen she was up to things --- you know what I mean, she used to go down in the cellar with a guy, and things like that. Only I was a sap, I I didn't find out that till later."

"Find what out?" said the girl, her voice cool, cautious, in the dark.

"You know," he said. "You know. I didn't know she'd been fooling around with other guys, letting anybody --- anybody --- "

He felt the breath, the life almost halt in her body in hisarms.

"What are you trying to insinuate?" she said.

"Nothing," he said in bewilderment, "nothing." He tried to draw her closer to him, but the quality of her flesh and bone and blood had altered. "I wasn't trying to say anything, I'm just trying to tell you what happened to me," he said.

"So then when you did find out, you knew you were too good for her. I suppose that's the way it was?" she said.

"No," he said in pain. "I don't mean that. I mean she fooled me. Everybody was fooled, Mrs. Carrigan, Father O'Malley, they didn't know it, maybe they don't know it yet. I got railroaded into it, that's what I'm trying so tell you. If I'd known what she was then I wouldn't have taken the rap for her the way I did."

"You're careful of yourself, I must say," said the girl's voice, scathing, possessed. She had moved a little way from him now, and he put his two hands together and wrung the knuckles hard.

"Listen," he said. "I got to tell you this. I got to get it straight between us. I've never told anybody yet --- "

"Well, I should think you'd keep a story like that to yourself, I must say," the girl said.

"You see, I'd never anything to do with women," Big Fiddle went on, talking to the dark. "I'd got a job in a theatre orchestra in town and I was making good at it, I had a room of my own in a boarding-house by that time, and I didn't have to take anything from anybody, see. But the trouble was, about women.

Mrs. Carrigan and Father O'Malley, they'd brought me up and they explained it to me funny. I was afraid of knowing anything about a woman, afraid of catching something or something like that."

"You weren't taking any risks, were you?" said the girl's voice bitterly across the grass.

"I was a kid," he went on doggedly, quietly, "and the way they'd explained it to me, I didn't know," not seeking a name for the hostility yet, but sternly and pitilessly giving a name to his own need. "I used to go up to the Home to give the juniors harmony, and then one day this girl, she came into the room where I was copying out the score for the concert they were going to give, or something --- "; not thinking yet, She has moved away out of jealousy, outrage, out of fear, but desperately repeating: "I got to tell you this. You got to know it. I didn't start anything first, maybe because I didn't know then how to start. She came right over and showed me how, and then she went crying to Father O'Malley. She told her mother and she told Father O'Malley, but she didn't tell them about any of the others, only about me. She was in a fix and she thought that would be the way out of it. She knew I was a sap and never got on to what she'd been doing ever since she was twelve or thirteen, maybe. Or maybe she knew I wouldn't tell on her even if I knew --- "

"She shouldn't have counted too much on that!" said the girl's voice, jeering, serene.

"I've never said anything since," he went on, sticking it obstinately out. "Sometimes I think about writing

the truth to them about it, writing to Mrs. Carrigan and Father O'Malley. But that girl was like the Virgin Mary to them so maybe that's why I haven't."

"I notice you didn't take the trouble to marry her after the mess you got her into, that's what I notice," the girl said.

"Me?" he said. "Me? I never got a chance. You don't know yet, you don't understand what they did to me. They put me in jail," he cried in sudden anguish. "That's what I'm trying to tell you. They locked me up for a year and a half --- a year and a half, do you get it? --- for assault, criminal assault on a minor! Eighteen months in the workhouse, eighteen months in the pen, eighteen months of what those guys back there have got --- " He jerked his chin fiercely, crazily in the direction of the wide, impersonal darkness. "They might as well have given me life, for you never get rid of it after! Eighteen months for doing nothing, for being a sap, for letting a damned little whore --- "

She must have stood up now: he heard the jerk of her breathing as she scrambled up but he could not see her in the dark. He thought, She's scared, poor kid, out here alone with a convict. In a minute she'll begin to run. He put his hand out and found her foot, her ankle, and his fingers closed around the scarcely covered bones.

"Let me go, you let me go," she whispered, the cold wild panic linking word to word like beads strung on a taut trembling wire. "You," she said, "let me go. You tricked me, that's what you done." The heel of

her other shoe caught him suddenly in the soft flesh of the wrist, and he drew his hand back. "You, jail-bird, you sneaking around calling girls prostitutes." Her voice was crying, shaking as she began to run. "You, jail-bird, doing what you done to me, and calling nice girls what you did --- "

VI

So now he got out of England in twenty-four hours' time, without even buying a newspaper or knowing why there was any reason he should; without hearing the words of description the well-modulated voice broadcast from London the night he reached Sorento. He thought he had left nothing behind him except the bass-viol he'd put in the London storage-house, wearing the same hat they wanted, carrying the exactly-described American valise; self-exculpation the invisible luggage, the already cold and stiffening burden under whose weight his vanity, his hopes, his small and quite possible dreams had a long time back ferociously and lingeringly died.

He could not say when he had begun thinking of Italy: it might always have been in his mind, just one more of the sedatives that there was still to try for a night's obliteration; thinking of the warm Italian waters, the flowering land, the sweet sirup-yellow wine as if it were the final, deep, slow indolent narcotic, and reserving for the last, or just before the last, the advertised qualities of sloth, languor, heat in which the

will could perish for a little. He had no words for it, only the confused belief that the south might be antidote to act and need, these symptoms of the north's cold calculated poisoning. For a long time he had thought of a sun stronger than chloroform or brandy --- and now here was the rain falling and falling. For years, he heard, the rain had not fallen like this, in torrents powerful enough to wash out bridges, baring everywhere the roots and the foundations of trees and houses, falling, falling over the Italian hills and the sea, the downpour seen on every side, white and impenetrable as a waterfall.

The steamer would leave the wharf for Capri at five-thirty in the afternoon, and Big Fiddle sat waiting for it. From the café he could see the land back along the coast, the steep ripe reddish cliffs which had flung all day great slabs of their soil down on the tilted automobile road and even into the sea below. Foreign travel, sure, foreign travel ought to cure me, he said. He sat smoking the American cigarette and half-smiling at his crimson drink. Love isn't going to throw me; nothing's stopped me yet. Only sometime , maybe about my age, you begin knowing that you've wasted the best of life trying to prove to the louses that it isn't all putrid, that it doesn't all stink to heaven, and now you know you aren't going to do it any more. Because he was here, had struck Italy at last, something was added, perhaps gratification, perhaps only a pause allowed for a minute to the mind's suspense. This place ought to rock the grief to sleep where England couldn't, he said. This

ought to button its eyelids up; this ought to sing it its lullaby. Last night I slept five hours without a break: if that doesn't mean Italy's my climate, then it means summer's my time of year. Or it means I'm convalescent since I got here, or maybe that I like the cock-feathers they wear in their hats, or the way the dames have of looking at you. So it's women again, he said half-smiling at his drink. I thought you were fed up to the neck? I am, he said; from now on I start in lying to them right away. I learned my lesson. (Or maybe it's because I'm in a Catholic country, he thought; it does something to you, it takes you home, wherever that is, like nothing else does.)

The sea was rough and the one other man who drank brandy on board was an Italian, heavy and tall, a man perhaps forty or a little older, and elegantly but casually dressed. He wore a dark blue sweat-shirt of a velvet texture, and well-pressed, clean, fawn-colored pants. He held his belly nicely in, or else had laced it this way into place, and his chest swelled big above it. Around the sun-burned flesh of his throat a silk scarf was folded, its pattern done discreetly in blue, mauve, and grey, and held in place by a riding-crop in silver. They stood not far from each other on the same side of the deck, leaning on the deck-rail, each watching in his own way the riding sea. They both watched the mainland curve off and the waves rising sheerly in the rain and splitting on the rocky coast; both taking from the steward when he passed the thimbelfuls of brandy off his tray.

All the other people travelling seemed to be Germans, thick-limbed, large men and women huddled like refugees on the benches out of the rain. The men wore little grey or green Bavarian hats with small spotted feathers stuck into the ribbons of them, and the women dressed in thick grey travelling-suits or else wore woolen jackets embroidered all over the front with flowers, done in silk and incongruously taking a sea-voyage instead of breakfast sitting up in bed; wide, quiet unpowdered faces, unpainted mouths under the velvet tam o'shanters with silk tassels hanging on them; or under the shapeless imitations of what no other race of women could call hats which they had pulled down over their knots of white or straight light hair.

But the steward, the ship, the world itself were for the Italian: the classiest beaches, the winter-sport resorts where he could have the best aluminium sticks, the newest in ski-harness; the casinos of a coast gone shabby and old with glut were his: St. Raphael, Monte-Carlo, St. Remo, his; he was their citizen, wore their costume, typical as any national get-up, he spoke their suave imperious tongue. Because Big Fiddle had seen so many like him, had played rumbas, tangoes, swing, in the rhythm and in the night-clubs of any city in any place for him or replicas of the same, he knew him at once as audience, master, patron, money slipped into the hand. He knew the value of the trousers' immaculate crease, the suede-toed shoe, the hand-stitched sole. Class, said Big Fiddle, watching the Italian take the next glass up in his manicured fingers;

the head was sleek as a beast's: a cat's or seal's, and the bronzed low forehead sloped into the line of hair slicked back, cosmetic-dark, cosmetic-smooth, from the widow's peak. That bird's got class, Big Fiddle said.

In a minute the Italian turned with a look of vanity in his eye and tried his English on him. There had been no word said till now, only the glances between them, the one given in unhappy and furtive homage, the other's careless scrutiny ,cool, masterful, still, not part of the individual's but of a nation's lawful contempt. But now the Italian said:

"Are you going to stay some time at Capri?"

"I don't know," Big Fiddle said. He leaned on the deck-rail still, turning his head a little but not able now to bring his eyes to see. "I haven't been there yet. This is the first time."

"I heard the steward speak German to you, but I didn't think you were German," the Italian said. He took his tortoise cigarette case out of his pocket, snapped it open and took a cigarette out and put it on his lip, but he did not pass his case along the rail.

"What's the mob of them on board for?" Big Fiddle asked. He watched the Italian put the lighter to the cigarette's end and draw the smoke slowly in.

"Capri," he said sternly after a moment. He folded his arms over and leaned them again on the broad wooden edge. "Capri is the Prussians' paradise." And then, fearing this might be taken for something as indelicate as humor, he added: "If you stay long enough on Capri, you must go to the cinema. They're showing

a very good film there now." He straightened up, swaying with the steamer's lurch on the water, holding himself erect with one hand with the cigarette in its fingers, pressed palm-down upon the rail. "The Duce's visit to Berlin," he said. "But you must reserve your seat beforehand. It's a wonderful picture. It's very interesting for foreigners to see a picture like that, all the crowds cheering, all the military display. Very interesting, a fine picture," he said.

Big Fiddle made a gesture toward the coastline with his chin.

"They go in for advertising themselves in a big way," he said, smiling tentatively.

"Advertising?" said the Italan. He looked sharply towards him, the full chin and jowls sagging a little over the scarf's silk as he turned his well-groomed head.

"I mean, all this publicity they put up all over the walls," Big Fiddle said. "Things like 'we shoot straight.' I get that one all right but there's one I can't get the drift of. Fella in the train was translating them for me. 'Home is not where you live but where you die.' Maybe I'm cuckoo but I can't make any sense out of that."

"Oh, no? Oh, I suppose not, I suppose not," said the Italian. The flanges of his nostrils expanded, shrank; he took the piece that was left of his cigarette between his lips and the smoke spat quickly through. Without speaking again he turned and wandered off down the canvas-covered deck, reeling slightly with the boat's motion from side to side.

They came to the island in the beginning of the summer dark, and the passengers who had been ready a long time, their straw travelling-baskets strapped and buckled over, the Gothic headlines of their newspapers folded in, now grouped stubbornly forward towards the stern. The steamer had turned, churning wildly in the water, and backed in against the cobbled quay; and now, as if at a signal given, the Germans opened and lifted their umbrellas and held fast to the gangplank's dripping rope as they made the wary descent under the falling rain. The Italian had no umbrella, he wore no hat, but he had put a black cloak around his shoulders. Big Fiddle watched him go in quiet pomp down the gangway, carrying no baggage and without waiting for any baggage to follow him, and disappear among the people gathered on the quay.

For two days it rained and Big Fiddle saw nothing of the Italian: he was not in the cafés or bars, nor in the covered out-door dancing places where the Germans, nothing but Germans, danced to the Italian version of swing in the rain. He did not see him on the square or in the alleys where the shops were, or on the walk to what remained: the walls, the vaults, the steps, the stables of Tiberius' palace. He's probably got a jane, Big Fiddle said; he probably stays in a hotel suite or fools around at home with a swell-looking number, filling her up with a lot of hooey about what a glamor boy he is; and I bet he's one at that, he said. I bet he won't take on anything less than the best, actresses or models out of these big clothes' shops you read about,

and just let them try to pull anything on him! The best, he said, the top-notch high-steppers, and in sudden violence he felt the English girl's mouth under his mouth, the flesh of the Lieutenant-Commander's, the army captain's daughter swooning beneath his loins.

Everywhere there were the Germans, wandering coupled and slow like oxen, browsing among the souvenirs, the woven hats, the postcards, passing the ancient walls, the high ruins, the grand hotels with the same unhurried, staring, incurious eyes. He stayed among them, clung to the outskirts of their docility, as though they who had been told since a long time and in their blood what action they should take could help him now to know. I looked two hours for you in the dark, he said to the white lifeless-seeming ears that hugged her skull close in memory; like a crazy nut I went tearing through the grass and bushes looking for you. Maybe for two hours or more, but anyway off my nut, as if you were what I'd been looking all my life for, my spotless bride, my virgin, my love, instead of a hearty laugh behind my back, a little bitch who let me down ...

On the second afternoon he went by bus to Anacapri, up, up the steep winding road through the olive-groves, past the houses pink and white and faint yellow through the rain, the mimosa trees, the palms, the umbrella-pines, the yuccas polished with water, climbing higher and deeper past the forests of stone-pines into the island's sad, tender wilderness. And even here, the Germans, herded in by guide or hearsay or tradition,

by anything but choice or decision, sat big and solid on the leather seats, the sea on one side of them and on the other the ash-pale rock shaping itself high and pure above the peaks of land. Like seeing the sights in Milwaukee or Cincinnati, he thought; only the beer's no good here. I bet this carload has a mouthful to say about the beer when they get home.

He rode among them in the bus, at the same time boyishly and anciently featured, slender, nervous, and out of place; his eyes, quick, bright, abysmal with self-pity as the eyes of persecuted races are. He could not understand the tongue but when they had reached the other town and all got down into the road, and the bus gone, he understood there had been some sort of mistake made, some confusion. It must have been they had expected someone to shepherd them who was not there; some sort of guide to herd them into a tearoom and give a collective order for collective cake and tea. But he had missed the bus and they had not noticed, or else they had not waited long enough; by some inexplicable mis-step they were now, the great group of thirty of them, where they believed they were not scheduled to be. Here they stood for a while, not knowing what they were to look at or why they had come, lost and melancholy as cattle come to the fence at milking-time and finding the barrier up still, no hand, no voice to guide them into the stable's darkness and comfort, and the drizzle falling lightly upon the road and the foliage all around. After a little they moved towards the tearoom, and went through the

door despite themselves, and sat down in bewilderment at the tables. Here in their mystification they waited, scarcely speaking once they had put the question to one another, but slowly and steadily eating the sweet cakes and drinking their tea. One or two of them put the question to the landlady of the tearoom at last: at what time would the bus be going back to Capri? Wie viel uhr? Ach, so, ach, so. So they sat huddled in perplexity, waiting, the great mature people with their healthy skins and their big limbs and their fine golden hair.

At the hotel they had told him there was a way back from Anacapri by foot, and now he turned up the collar of his waterproof and started quickly off in the rain. He found the ditch-like path up through the houses and then the trees, and for twenty minutes he took it almost running. It was like mounting a stream's abandoned bed in which water was beginning to run again from the storm's power, and the grass and leaves were bright as cress beneath his shoes. Here and there, the refuse from the villas had been flung: high gleaming piles of empty twisted tins, dark broken bottle glass, halves of grapefruit and lemon rinds, the discarded and partially-eaten leaves of artichokes, part of the singularly tropical flourishing of vegetation, rock, mineral matter, the hue and profligacy of human waste and human disorder. Near the top he turned to see the orchards of olive-trees below, and the cactus plants rearing near the garden walls, muscled and tough as vipers or the arms of living men. Around the island lay the

great quiet sphere of sea, still as mist lying in a valley.

Maybe have a place here, he said, looking; grow olives or something, make it pay. Settle down here and work, and have a woman, almost any woman. Even a wop woman. They've got plenty McGoo, he thought, plenty. And suddenly the knowledge of his own loneliness and his own bitterness here or in any country shrank his heart with pain.

(To be concluded in the following issue.)

VIA DIEPPE-NEWHAVEN

by

HENRY MILLER

The thing was that I wanted to be among English-speaking people again, for a little while at least. I had nothing against the French; on the contrary, I had at last made a bit of a home for myself in Clichy and everything would have been swell if it hadn't been for the fact that I had just gone through a crisis with my wife. She was living in Montparnasse and I was living with my friend Fred, who had taken an apartment, in Clichy just outside the Porte. We had agreed to separate; she was going back to America as soon as the money arrived for the boat fare.

So far so good. I had said goodbye to her and I thought everything was finished. Then one day when I walked into the grocer's the old woman informed me that my wife had just been in with a young man and that they had taken away a good supply of groceries which they had charged up to my account. The old woman seemed a bit perplexed and a little worried too. I told her it was O.K. And it was O.K. too, because I knew my wife didn't have any money, and after all a

wife has to eat just like any other person. About the young man, that was O.K. too: he was just a fairy who felt sorry for her and I supposed he had put her up for the time being in his apartment. In fact, everything was O.K. except that she was still in Paris, and when in Christ's name was she going to beat it, that's what I was wondering about.

A few days more passed and then she dropped in one late afternoon to have dinner with us. Why not? We could always scrape up a bit of food whereas in Montparnasse among the riff-raff she was obliged to hang out where food was almost unobtainable. After the dinner she got hysterical: she said she was suffering from dysentery ever since she had left me and that it was my fault, that I had tried to poison her. I walked her to the Metro station at the Porte without saying a word. I was sore as hell, so god-damned sore that I couldn't talk. She was sore too, sore because I refused to argue the matter with her. I thought to myself, walking back, well this is the last straw, she surely won't come back again. I poisoned her. Good, if she wants to think that way let her! That ought to settle the issue.

A few days later I had a letter from her asking for a little cash with which to meet the rent. Seems she wasn't living with the fairy at all, but in a cheap hotel back of the Gare Montparnasse. I couldn't give her the money immediately as I didn't have any myself so I let a few days intervene before going to her hotel and settling the bill. While I was trotting around to her

hotel a pneumatique had come for me saying that she she simply must have the money or she'd be kicked out. If I had had a little money I wouldn't have put her to all these humiliations, but the point is I didn't have any. However, she didn't believe me. And even if it were true, she said, I could at least have borrowed it for her. Which was also true. But I was never good on borrowing large sums; all my life I had been used to asking for hand-outs, for chicken feed, and feeling damned grateful when I got that. She seemed to have forgotten that. It was natural enough that she should because she was bitter and her pride had been wounded. And to do her justice I must add that had the situation been reversed the money would have been forthcoming; she always knew how to raise money for me but never for herself. That I've got to admit.

I was getting pretty wrought up about the whole thing. I felt like a louse. And the worse I felt the less I was able to do. I even suggested that she come back and stay with us until the money which she was expecting for the boat trip should come. But this she wouldn't hear of, naturally. Or was it natural? I was so damned perplexed and humiliated and confused that I didn't know any more what was natural and what wasn't. Money. Money. All my life it had been a question of money. I would never be able to solve the problem and I didn't hope to.

After turning round and round like a rat in a trap I got the brilliant idea of beating it myself. Just walk out on the problem, that's always the easiest way. I

don't know how the idea came to me but suddenly I had decided I would go to London. If you had offered me a chateau in Touraine I would have said no. For some reason or other I had made up my mind that it must be London and no other place. The reason I gave myself was that she'd never think of looking for me in London. She knew I hated the place. But the real reason, as I soon discovered, was that I wanted to be among English-speaking people; I wanted to hear English spoken twenty-four hours of the day, and nothing but English. In my weak condition that was like falling back on the bosom of the Lord. Talking and listening to English meant just that less strain. God knows, when you're in a jam to talk a foreign language, or even just to listen to it is a subtle form of torture. I had absolutely nothing against the French, nor against the language they spoke. Up until she arrived on the scene I had been living in a sort of Paradise. Suddenly everything had gone sour. I found myself muttering things against the French, and against the language particularly, which I would never have dreamed of thinking in my sober senses. I knew it was my own fault, but that only made it worse. Well, London then. A little vacation and perhaps by the time I returned she would have left. That's all there was to it.

I rustled up the dough for a visa and a return trip ticket. I bought a visa for a year thinking that if by any chance I should change my mind about the English I might go back a second or third time to England. It was getting on towards Christmas and I began to think

what a jolly old place London might be during the holidays. Perhaps I would find a different sort of London than the one I knew, a Dickensian London such as tourists always dream of. I had the visa and the ticket in my pocket and just about enough dough to last me for ten days. I was feeling almost jubilant about the trip.

When I got back to Clichy it was almost dinner time. I walked into the kitchen and there was my wife helping Fred with the dinner. They were laughing and joking as I walked in. I knew Fred wouldn't say anything to her about my going to London and so I sat down to the table and laughed and joked a bit myself. It was a jolly meal, I must say, and everything would have gone off splendidly if Fred hadn't been obliged to go to the newspaper office after dinner. I had been canned a few weeks ago but he was still working, though expecting the same fate any day. The reason I was canned was that, even though I was an American, I had no right to be working on an American newspaper as a proof-reader. According to French theory the job could just as well have been held by a Frenchman who knew English. That griped me a bit and no doubt contributed to my feeling sour to the French the last few weeks. Anyway, that was over and done with and I was a free man again and I would soon be in London talking English all day and far into the night if I wanted to. Besides, my book was coming out very soon and that might change everything. All in all things weren't half as black as they had seemed a few days back. Think-

ing how nicely I was going to duck the whole thing I got a bit careless and ran out, in a moment of exuberation, to buy a bottle of Chartreuse which I knew she liked better than anything. That was a fatal mistake. The Chartreuse made her mellow and then hysterical and then reproving. We sat there at the table, the two of us, and I guess we rehearsed a lot of things that should have been forgotten. Finally I got to such a point of guilt and tenderness that I blurted out the whole thing --- about the trip to London, the money I had borrowed, and so on and so forth. I forked the whole thing out and laid it on the table. There it was, I don't know how many pounds and shillings, all in bright new English money. I told her I was sorry and to hell with the trip and to-morrow I would try to get a refund on the tickets and give that to her too.

And here again I must render her justice. She really didn't want to take the money. It made her wince, I could see that, but finally she accepted it reluctantly and stuffed it away in her bag. As she was leaving she forgot the bag and I was obliged to run down the stairs after her and hand it to her. As she took the bag she said good-bye again and this time I felt that it was the last good-bye. She said good-bye and she stood there on the stairs looking up at me with a strange sorrowful smile. If I had made the least gesture I know she would have thrown the money out of the window and rushed back into my arms and stayed with me forever. I took a long look at her, walked slowly back to the door, and closed it. I went to the kitchen table, sat there a few

minutes looking at the empty glasses, and then I broke down and sobbed like a child.

It was about three in the morning when Fred came back from work. He saw right away that something had gone wrong. I told him what had happened and then we sat down and ate, and after we had eaten we drank some good Algerian wine and then some Chartreuse and after that a little cognac. It was a damned shame, in Fred's opinion, and I was a fool to have forked up all the money. I agreed, but I felt good about it just the same.

"And what about London? Do you mean to tell me you're not going to London?" he says.

"No," I said. "I've given up the idea. Besides, I couldn't go now even if I wanted to. Where's the dough to come from?"

Fred didn't seem to think the lack of dough was any grave obstacle. He thought he could borrow a couple of hundred francs at the office and on pay-day, which was only a couple of days off, he would wire me more. We sat there discussing the thing until dawn, and of course drinking a bit too. When I hit the hay I could hear the Westminster chimes --- and a few rusty sleigh bells too. I saw a beautiful blanket of snow lying over dirty London and everybody greeting me with a hearty "Merry Christmas!" --- *in English*, to be sure.

I made the Channel crossing at night. It was a miserable night and we stayed indoors shivering with the cold. I had a hundred franc note and some change --- that was all. The idea was that as soon as I found a

hotel I was to cable and Fred would cable back some more dough. I sat at the long table in the salon listening to the conversation going on around me. The thought uppermost in my mind was how to make the hundred francs stretch as far as possible, because the more I thought about it the less sure I was that Fred would raise the dough immediately. The scraps of conversation I picked up also had to do with money. Money. Money. The same thing everywhere and all the time. It seems that England had just that day paid her debt to America, much against her will. She had kept her word, as they were saying all about me. England always kept her word. And more of that and more, until I felt like strangling them for their bloody honesty.

I hadn't intended to break the hundred franc note until absolutely necessary, but with this silly conversation going on about England keeping her word and knowing that they had spotted me as an American I finally got so jumpy that I ordered a beer and a ham sandwich. That brought me directly in contact with the steward. He wanted to know what I thought about the situation. I could see that he thought it was a bloody crime what we had done to England. I felt sore that he should make me responsible for the situation just because I happened to be born an American. So I told him I didn't know anything about the situation, that it was none of my affair, and furthermore that it was a matter of absolute indifference to me whether England paid her debts or didn't pay her debts. He didn't relish this very much. A man ought to have an interest in the

affairs of his country, even if his country is in the wrong, that's what he thought. I told him I didn't give a damn about America or Americans. I told him I didn't have an ounce of patriotism in me. At that moment a man who had been pacing up and down beside the table stopped to listen to me. I had a feeling that he was a spy or a detective. I piped down almost at once and turned to the young man beside me who had also called for a beer and a sandwich.

Apparently he had been listening to me with some interest. He wanted to know where I came from and what was I going to do in England. I told him I was taking a little vacation, and then, impulsively, I asked him if he could recommend a very cheap hotel. He said he had been away from England quite a long while and that he didn't know London very well anyhow. Said he had been living in Australia the last few years. Just then the steward happened along and the young man interrupted himself to ask the steward if he knew of any good cheap little hotel in London. The steward called the waiter over and asked him the same question, and just as he put the question to the waiter the man who looked like a spy came along and paused a moment to listen in. From the serious way in which the subject was discussed I could see at once that I had made a mistake. One shouldn't ask questions like that of a steward or a waiter. I felt they were looking me over suspiciously, that they were giving my pocketbook the X-ray. I tossed off the beer in one gulp and, as though to prove that money was the least of my worries I called

for another and then, turning to the young man at my elbow, I asked him if he wouldn't let me buy him a drink too. When the steward came back with the drinks we were deep in the wilds of Australia. He started to say something about a hotel but I told him immediately to forget about it. It was just an idle question, I added. That seemed to stump him. He stood there a few moments not knowing what to do, then suddenly, moved by some friendly impulse, he blurted out that he would be glad to put me up in his own home at Newhaven if I cared to spend the night there. I thanked him warmly and told him not to worry about it any more, that I would go on to London just the same. It really isn't important, I added. And the moment I said it I knew that that too was a mistake, because somehow, despite myself, I had made the thing seem quite important to everybody.

There was still a bit of time to kill and so I listened to the young Englishman who had had a strange time of it in Australia. He was telling me of his life as a sheep herder, how they castrated I don't know how many thousands of sheep in a day. One had to work fast. So fast, in fact, that the most expedient thing to do was to grab the testicles with your teeth and then a quick slit with the knife and spit them out. He was trying to estimate how many thousand pairs of testicles he had bitten off in his hand to mouth operation during his sojourn in Australia. And as he was going through his mental calculations he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You must have had a strange taste in your mouth," I said, instinctively wiping my own mouth.

"It wasn't as bad as you might imagine," he answered calmly. "You get used to everything --- in time. No, it wasn't a bad taste at all ... the idea is worse than the actual thing. Just the same, I never thought when I left my comfortable home in England that I would be spitting out those things for a living. A man can get used to doing most anything when he's really up against it."

I was thinking the same thing. I was thinking of the time I burned brush in an orange grove in Chula Vista. Ten hours a day in the broiling sun running from one fire to another and the flies biting like mad. And for what? To prove to myself that I was a man, I suppose, that I could take it on the chin. And another time working as a gravedigger: to show that I wasn't afraid of tackling anything. The grave-digger! With a volume of Nietzsche under his arm, and trying to memorize the last part of Faust to and from work. Well, as the steward says, "*The English never twist you!*" The boat is coming to a stop. Another swig of beer to drown the taste of sheep's nuts and a handsome little tip for the waiter just to prove that Americans pay their debts too sometimes. In the excitement I find myself quite alone, standing behind a bulky Englishman with a checkered cap and a big ulster. Landing in any other country the checkered cap would look ridiculous, but as it's his own country he can do as he pleases, and what's more I almost admire him for it, it makes him

seem so big and independent. I'm beginning to think that they're not such a bad race after all.

On deck it's dark and drizzly. The last time I pulled into England, that was coming up the Thames, it was also dark and drizzly and the faces were ashen gray and the uniforms were black and the houses were grim and grimy. And up High Holborn Street every morning I remember there passed me the most respectable, lamentable, dilapidated paupers God ever made. Gray, watery paupers with bowlers and cutaways and that absurd air of respectability which only the English can muster in adversity. And now the language is coming to me a little stronger and I must say I don't like it at all: it sounds oily, slimy, servile, unctuous. I feel the class line cutting through the accents. The man with the checkered cap and the ulster has suddenly become a pompous ass; he seems to be talking Choctaw to the porters. I hear Sir all the time. Can I do this, *Sir?* Which way, *Sir?* Yes, *Sir*. No, *Sir*. Bugger me if it doesn't make me a bit creepy, all this yes sir and no sir. *Sir my ass*, I say under my breath.

At the Immigration Office. Waiting my turn on the line. The rich bastards go first, as usual. We move up inch by inch. Those who've passed through are having their baggage inspected on the quay. The porters are bustling about loaded down like donkeys. Only two people ahead of me now. I have my passport in my hand and my train ticket and my baggage checks. Now I'm now standing square in front of him, offering him my passport. He looks at the big white sheet beside him, finds my name and checks it off.

"How long do you intend to stay in England, Mr. Miller?" he says, holding the passport in his hand as though ready to give it back to me.

"A week or two," I answer.

"You're going to London, are you?"

"Yes."

"What hotel are you stopping at, Mr. Miller?"

I have to smile at this. "Why, I don't know," I respond, still smiling. "Perhaps you can recommend me a hotel."

"Have you any friends in London, Mr. Miller?"

"No."

"Just what are you going to do in London, if I may ask?"

"Why, I'm going to take a little vacation." Still smiling.

"I suppose you have enough money for your stay in England?"

"I think so," says I, still nonchalant, still smiling. And thinking to myself what a cinch it is to bluff it through with questions like that.

"Do you mind showing me your money, Mr. Miller?"

"Of course not," and reaching into my jeans I haul out the remains of the hundred franc note. The people next to me are laughing. I try to laugh too, but I'm not very successful. As for my inquisitor, he gives a feeble little chuckle and looking me square in the eye he says with all the sarcasm he can put into it: "You didn't expect to stay very long in London on that, did you, Mr. Miller?"

Always this *Mr. Miller* tacked on to every phrase! I'm beginning to dislike the son-of-a-bitch. What's more it's beginning to get uncomfortable.

"Look here," I say, still amiable and still outwardly nonchalant, "I don't intend to have a vacation on that. As soon as I get a hotel I expect to wire for money. I left Paris in a great hurry and ... "

He cuts me short. Can I give him the name of my bank in Paris, he wants to know.

"I haven't got a bank account," I'm obliged to answer. That makes a very bad impression I realize at once. I can feel the hostility growing up all about me. People who were holding their bags are putting them down now, as though they knew they were in for a long seige. The passport which he had been holding in his hands like a little testament he puts on the counter before him and holds it there, like a damaging piece of evidence, with outstretched finger-tips.

"Where were you going to get the money from, Mr. Miller?" he asks more blandly than ever.

"Why, from a friend of mine, the man who lives with me in Paris."

"Has he a bank account?"

"No, but he's got a job. He works on the Chicago Tribune."

"And you think he will send you the money for your vacation?"

"I don't think so, I *know* so," I answered tartly. "I'm not trying to give you a cock and bull story. I told you I left in a hurry. I left with the understanding

that he'd send me the money as soon as I arrived in London. Besides, it's *my* money, not his."

"You left your money with him rather than put it in a bank, is that it, Mr. Miller?"

"Well," I said, beginning to lose my temper, "it isn't a hell of a lot of money and besides, I don't see the point of all this. If you don't believe me I'll stay right here and you can send a cable and find out for yourself."

"Just a minute, Mr. Miller. You say the two of you live together ... do you live in a hotel or in an apartment?"

"An apartment."

"And the apartment is in your name?"

"No, in his. That is, it belongs to the both of us, but it's in his name because he's a Frenchman and it makes it easier."

"And he keeps your money for you?"

"No, not usually. You see, I left under rather unusual circumstances. I ... "

"Just a minute, Mr. Miller," and he motions to me to step back from the ranks a bit. At the same time he calls one of his assistants over and hands him my passport. The latter takes the passport and goes behind a screen some distance off. I stand there watching the others go through.

"You might go and have your baggage inspected meanwhile," I hear him say as if in a trance. I move off to the shed and open my luggage. The train is waiting for us. It looks like a team of Eskimo dogs straining at

the leash. The locomotive is puffing and steaming. Finally I walk back and take my stand in front of my interlocutor. The last few passengers are being hustled through the examination.

Now the tall thin man from behind the screen comes forward with the passport in his hand. He seems determined in advance that I'm a malefactor.

"You're an American citizen, Mr. Miller?"

"Obviously," I answer. With this guy I know there's going to be no mercy. He hasn't a speck of humor in him.

"How long have you been in France?"

"Two or three years, I guess. You can see the date there for yourself ... *Why?* What's that got to do with it?"

"You were thinking of spending several months in England, were you?"

"No, I wasn't. I was thinking of spending a week or ten days there, that's all. But now ... "

"So you bought a visa for a year, thinking to spend a week."

"I bought a return trip ticket too, if that interests you."

"One could always throw the return ticket away," he says with a malicious twist of the mouth.

"One could if he were an idiot. I don't get the point. And anyway, look here, I'm tired of all this nonsense. I'm going to stay in Newhaven overnight and take the next boat back. I don't have to spend my vacation in England."

"Not so fast, Mr. Miller. I think we ought to look into this a little more closely."

As he said this I heard the whistle blow. The passengers were all aboard and the train was just starting. I thought of my trunk which I had checked through to London. Nearly all my manuscripts were in it, and my typewriter too. A nice mess, I thought to myself. All because of that chicken feed I slapped down on the counter.

The little fat fellow with the bland imperturbable mask now joined us. He seemed to be expecting a treat.

Hearing the train roll out of the station I resigned myself to the inquisition. Thinks I to myself, let'ssee how far they can prolong the agony. First of all, however, I demanded my passport back. If they wanted to grill me a little more O. K. There was nothing to do at that hour of the night and before turning in at Newhaven I thought I'd go through with the song and dance.

To my amazement the tall thin fellow refused to return my passport. That made me furious. I demanded to know if there was an American consul on hand. "Listen," I said, "You may think what you like, but that passport belongs to me and I want it back."

"There's no need to get excited, Mr. Miller. You'll have your passport before you leave. But first there a few questions I'd like to put to you ... I see that you are a married man. Is your wife living with you --- and your friend? Or is she in America?"

"I don't see that that's any of your businessI,"

said. "But since you brought the subject up I'm going to tell you something now. The reason I came away with so little money is because I gave the money for my trip to my wife before leaving. We're separating and she's going back to America in a few days. I gave her the money because she was broke."

"How much money did you give her, if I may ask?"

"You're asking so damned many questions that you have no right to ask I don't see why you shouldn't ask that too. If you want to know, I gave her about sixty pounds. Let's see, I may still have the exchange slip in my wallet ... " I made a gesture as if to reach for my wallet and look for the slip.

"Wasn't that rather foolish to give your wife all that money and come to England penniless, or almost so?"

I gave him a sour smile. "My dear man, I've tried to explain to you that I'm not coming to England as a pauper. If you had let me go to London and wire for the money everything would have been allright. I suppose it's a waste of time to say a thing like this to you but try to understand me, will you? *I'm a writer.* I do things impulsively. I don't have bank accounts and I don't plan things years in advance. When I want to do something I do it. For some reason or other you seem to think that I want to come to England to ... frankly, I don't know what the hell's in your mind. I just wanted to come to England to hear English, if you can believe it --- and partly to escape my wife. Does that make sense to you?"

"I should say it does," says the tall thin fellow.

"You want to run away from your wife and let her become a public charge. How do you know she won't follow you to England? And how will you take care of her in England --- without money?"

I felt as though I were talking to a stone wall. What was the use of rehearsing the whole thing again? "Listen," I said, "as far as I'm concerned I don't care what happens to her. If she becomes a public charge that's her affair, not mine."

"You're working for the Chicago Tribune, you say?"

"I never said anything of the kind. I said my friend, the man who was to send me the money, *he's* working on the Chicago Tribune."

"You never worked for the newspaper then?"

"Yes, I used to work for them, but I don't now. They fired me a few weeks ago."

He snapped me up immediately. "Oh, then you *did* work for the newspaper in Paris?"

"Didn't I just say so? Why? Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Miller, could I see your carte d'identité ... I suppose you *have* a carte d'identité, living in Paris, as you say."

I fished it out for him. The two of them looked it over together.

"You have a non-worker's card --- yet you worked for the Chicago Tribune as a proof-reader. How do you explain that, Mr. Miller?"

"No, I suppose I can't explain that to you. I suppose it's useless to explain to you that I'm an American citizen and that the Chicago Tribune is an American newspaper and that therefore ... "

"Excuse me, but why were you dismissed from the newspaper?"

"That's just what I was coming to. You see, the French officials, those who have to do with the red tape, seem to take the same attitude as you do. Perhaps I could have remained on the Tribune if I hadn't also been a bad proof-reader. That's the real reason why I was fired, if you want to know."

"You seem rather proud of the fact."

"I am. I think its a mark of intelligence."

"And so, not having a job on the Tribune any more you thought you'd come to England for a little vacation. And you provided yourself with a visa for a year and a return trip ticket."

"Also to hear English and to escape my wife," I added.

Here the little round-faced fellow spoke up. The tall fellow seemed ready to relinquish the tussle.

"You're a writer, Mr. Miller?"

"Yes."

"You mean you write books and stories?"

"Yes."

"Do you write for the magazines in America?"

"Yes."

"Which ones ... can you name a few?"

"Certainly. The American Mercury, Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's, the Virginia Quarterly, The Yale Review ... "

"Just a minute." He walked back to the counter and bending down he pulled out a big fat directory.

"American Mercury ... American Mercury ... " he kept mumbling as he thumbed the pages. "Henry V. Miller, isn't it? Henry V. Miller ... Henry V. Miller ... Was it this year or last year, Mr. Miller?"

"It may be three years ago --- *for the Mercury*," I said blandly.

Apparently he had no book on hand that went back that far. Couldn't I give him the name of a magazine I had written for in the last year or two? I said no, I had been too busy writing a book the last year or so.

Had the book been published? What was the name of the American publisher?

I said it had been published by an Englishman.

What was the name of the publisher?

"The Obelisk Press."

He scratched his head. "An *English* publisher?" He couldn't seem to remember any English house by that name. He called his side-kick who had disappeared behind the screen with my passport. "Ever hear of the Obelisk Press?" he yelled.

At this point I thought it timely to tell him that my English publisher published from Paris. That seemed to make him hopping mad. An English publisher in Paris! It was a violation of the rules of nature. Well, anyway, what were the names of the books?

"There's only one," I said. "It's called *Tropic of Cancer*."

At this I thought he would throw a fit. I didn't know what had come over him for the moment. Finally he seemed to bring himself under partial control and,

in the suavest, and the most sarcastic voice imaginable, he said: "Come, Mr. Miller, you don't mean to tell me that you write *medical* books too?"

It was my turn to be flabbergasted. The two of them were standing there boring me through with their mean gimlet-like eyes.

"The *Tropic of Cancer*," I said slowly and solemnly, "is *not* a medical book."

"Well, what is it then?" they asked simultaneously.

"The title," I answered, "is a symbolical title. The Tropic of Cancer is a name given in text-books to a temperate zone lying above the Equator. Below the Equator you have the Tropic of Capricorn, which is the south temperate zone. The book, of course, has nothing to do with climatic conditions either, unless it be a mental climate. Cancer is a name which has always intrigued me: you'll find it in zodiacal lore too. Etymologically it comes from chancre, meaning crab. In Chinese symbolism it is a sign of great importance. The crab is the only living creature which can walk backwards and forwards and sideways with equal facility. Of course my book doesn't treat of all this explicitly. It's a novel, or rather an autobiographical document. If my trunk were here I might have shown you a copy. I think you'd be interested in it. By the way, the reason it was published in Paris is because it's too obscene for England or America. Too much cancer in it, if you know what I mean ..."

This brought the discussion to a close. The tall slim fellow packed his brief case, put on his hat and coat

and waited impatiently for the little fellow to get ready. I asked for my passport again. The tall slim fellow went behind the screen and got it for me. I opened it and I saw that he had drawn a big black X through my visa. That infuriated me. It was like a black mark against my good name. "Where's a place to put up for the night in this burg?" I asked, putting as much snot and venom in it as I could muster.

"The constable here will take care of that," says the big fellow, giving me a wry smile and turning on his heel. And with that I see a very tall man dressed in black with a big helmet and a cadaverous face coming towards me out of the gloom of the far corner.

"What do you mean?" I yelled. "Do you mean that I'm under arrest?"

"No, I wouldn't say *that*, Mr. Miller. The constable will put you up for the night and in the morning he'll put you on the boat for Dieppe." And he started to walk away again.

"O.K." I said. "But you're going to see me back here, maybe next week."

By this time the constable was at my side and had me by the arm. I was white with rage, but that firm grasp of the arm told me it was useless to say anything more. It was like the hand of death itself.

As we walked towards the door I explained very calmly to the constable that my trunk had gone on to London and that it contained all my manuscripts as well as other things.

"We can take care of that, Mr. Miller," he says in

a quiet, low, steady voice. "Just step this way with me," and he made for the telegraph office. I gave him the necessary dope and he assured me in his quiet, easy voice that I'd have my things in the morning, the first thing in the morning. I knew from the way he spoke that he was a man of his word. Somehow I had an instant respect for him. I did wish, however, that he'd let go my arm. Shit, I wasn't a criminal, and even if I did want to make a break for it where would I go? I couldn't jump in the sea, could I? However, it was no use starting things with him. He was a man who obeyed orders and it was enough just to take one look at him to know that he had been trained like a dog. He escorted me gently and firmly to the hoosegow. We had to pass through a number of vacant, dim-lit rooms or halls to get to the joint. Each time we opened a door he paused and, taking out a bunch of keys, locked the door behind us. It was impressive. I began to get a bit of a thrill out of it. It was ridiculous and awesome at the same time. Christ knows what he would have done if I had been a really dangerous criminal. I suppose he'd have manacled me first. Anyway, finally we got to the hoosegow, which was a sort of big gloomy waiting room very dimly lit. There wasn't a soul in the place, nothing but a few long empty benches, as far as I could make out.

"Here's where we spend the night," said the constable in the same quiet, steady voice. Really a gentle voice it was. I was beginning to take a liking to him. "There's a washroom in there," he added, pointing to a door just in back of me.

"I don't need to wash up," I said. "What I'd really like to do is to take a crap."

"You'll find the place in there," he answered, and opening the door he turned on the light for me.

I went in, took my coat off and sat down on the can. Suddenly, as I was sitting there shitting I looked up and to my amazement there was the constable sitting by the doorway on a little stool. I wouldn't say he was watching me, but certainly he had one eye on me, as they say. At once my bowels were paralysed. *That*, I thought to myself, that beats everything! And then and there I made a mental note to write about the incident.

As I was buttoning up I expressed a little of my amazement. He took what I said in good part, replying very simply that it was part of his duty. "I've got to keep you under observation until I hand you over to the captain in the morning," he said. "Those are the orders."

"Do people try to run away sometimes?" I asked.

"Not very often," he said. "But things are very bad now, you know, and lots of people are trying to get into England who don't belong here. People who are looking for work, you know."

"Yes, I know," I said. "Things are in a mess."

I was pacing slowly up and down in the big waiting room. Suddenly I felt rather chilly. I went over to the big bench where my overcoat was lying and flung it around my shoulders.

"Would you like me to build you a fire, sir?" the constable suddenly asked.

I thought it was damned considerate of him to ask a question like that and so I said "Why, I don't know. How about *you?* Do you want a fire too?"

"It isn't that, sir," he said. "You see the law entitles you to a fire, if you wish it."

"The hell with that!" I said. "The question is, would it be a bother to make one? Perhaps I can help you."

"No, it's my duty to make you a fire if you wish it. I have nothing to do but look after you."

"Well, if that's the case, let's have a fire," I said. I sat down on the bench and watched him getting it started. Pretty decent, I thought to myself. So the law entitles you to a fire. Well, I'll be God-damned!

When the fire was made the constable suggested that I stretch out on the bench and make myself comfortable. He dug up a cushion from somewhere and a blanket. I lay there looking at the fire and thinking what a strange world it is after all. I mean how on the one hand they manhandle you and on the other they nurse you like a baby. All written down in the same book, like debit and credit columns in a ledger. The government is the invisible bookeeper who makes the entries, and the constable is just a sort of human blotter who dries the ink. If you happen to get a kick in the ass or a couple of teeth pushed down your throat that's gratis and no record is made of it.

The constable was sitting on the little stool by the fireside reading the evening paper. He said he would just sit there and read a bit until I fell asleep. He said

it in a neighborly way, without the slightest malice or sarcasm. A different species entirely from the other two bastards whom I had just left.

I watched him reading the paper for a while and then I started to talk to him, in a human way, what I mean, not like he was the constable and me the prisoner. He was not an unintelligent man, nor did he lack sensibility. He struck me, in fact, very much like a fine greyhound, something anyway with blood and breeding. Whereas those other two farts, who were also doing their duty by the government, impressed me as a couple of sadistic jakes, as mean, low, cringing bastards who enjoyed doing their dirty work for the government. I'm sure if the constable were to kill a man in the line of duty you could forgive him for it. But those other pimps! Bah! I spat into the fire with disgust.

I was curious to know if the constable ever did any serious reading. To my surprise he told me that he had read Shaw and Belloc and Chesterton --- and some of Somerset Moughm's work. *Of Human Bondage* was a great book, he thought. I thought so too and I scored another strike for the constable on my mental blackboard.

"And you're a writer too?" he said, very gently, almost timidly, I thought.

"A bit of a one," I said diffidently. And then impulsively, falteringly, stutteringly, I launched into an account of *Tropic of Cancer*. I told him about the streets and the cafès. I told him how I had tried to put it all in the book and whether I had succeeded or not I didn't

know. "But it's a *human* book," I said, getting up from the bench and moving very close to him. "And I tell you one thing, constable, you impress me as being very human too. I've enjoyed this evening with you and I want you to know that I have a respect and admiration for you. And if you don't think it's immodest of me why I'd like to send you a copy of my book when I get back to Paris."

He wrote his name and address in my notebook and told me he would read the book with great pleasure. "You're an interesting man," he said, "and I'm sorry we had to meet under such painful circumstances."

"Well, let's not talk about that," I said. "What do you say we do a wink of sleep now? Eh?"

"Why yes," he said, "you can make yourself on the bench there. I'll just sit here and doze a bit. By the way," he added, "would you like me to order breakfast for you in the morning?"

I thought to myself well that's a pretty swell guy, about as decent as they make them. And with that I closed my eyes and dozed off.

In the morning the constable took me aboard the the boat and handed me over to the captain. There were no passengers aboard yet. I waved good-bye to the constable and then I stood at the prow of the boat and took a good look at England. It was one of those quiet, peaceful mornings with a clear sky overhead and the gulls flying. Always, looking at England from the sea, I am impressed by the gentle, peaceful, somnolent quality of the landscape. England comes so gently down

to the sea, it's almost touching. Everything seems so still, so civilized. I stood there looking at Newhaven with tears in my eyes. I wondered where the steward lived and whether he was up and eating his breakfast or pottering around the garden. In England every man *ought* to own a garden: it's meant to be that way, you feel it immediately. As I say, it couldn't have been a better day and England couldn't have looked lovelier, more inviting, than she looked at this moment. I thought of the constable again and how he fitted into the landscape. I want him to know, if he ever reads this, how much I regret the fact, seeing how gentle and sensitive he was, that I had to take a crap in front of him. If had ever dreamed that he was going to sit there and keep an eye on me I would have held it in until we got to sea. I want him to know that. As for the other two bastards, I want to warn them here and now that if I ever encounter them again in this life I am going to spit in their eye. And may the curse of Job be on them for the rest of their lives. May they die in agony in a foreign land!

One of the most beautiful mornings I have ever known. The little village of Newhaven nestling in the chalk cliffs. The end of the land, where civilization slips quietly into the sea. I stood there in a reverie for a long while, and a profound peace came over me. In such moments it seems that everything that happens to you happens for the best. Standing there quiet and peaceful like that I got to thinking of our own New Haven (Connecticut), where I had gone once to visit a

man in jail. He was a man who had worked for me as a messenger and we had become friends. And then one day in a fit of jealousy he had shot his wife and then himself. Fortunately they both recovered. After they had tranferred him from the hospital to the prison I went to see him; we had a long talk through a steel mesh. When I left the prison I suddenly remarked how beautiful it was outdoors and, acting on the impulse, I went to a beach nearby and took a dip. It was one of the strangest days I ever spent at the ocean. When I dove off the springboard I had a feeling that I was taking leave of the earth forever. I didn't try to drown myself, but I didn't care a hoot if I were to drown. It felt marvellous to dive off the earth, to leave behind me all that man-made muck which we glorify with the word civilization. Anyway, as I came up and swam around I seemed to be looking at the world with new eyes. Nothing was like it had been before. People looked curiously separate and detached; they were sitting around like seals drying themselves in the sun. What I'm trying to say is that they seemed absolutely devoid of significance. They were just part of the landscape, like the rocks and the trees and the cows in the meadow. How they had ever assumed such a colossal importance on this earth was a mystery to me. I saw them plainly and distinctly as natural objects, as animals or plants. I felt that day that I could commit the most dastardly crime with a clear conscience. A crime without reason. Yes, it was that that I felt strongly: to kill some innocent person without reason.

As soon as the boat turned its nose towards Dieppe my thoughts began to take a different turn. I had never been out of France before and and here I was returning in disgrace with that black mark against my visa. What would the French think? Perhaps they would begin to cross-examine me too. What was I doing in France? How did I make my living? Was I taking bread out of the mouths of French workers? Was I apt to become a public charge?

Suddenly I got into a panic. Supposing they refused to let me return to Paris? Supposing they transferred me to another boat and shipped me back to America? I got into a terrible funk. America! To be shipped back to New York and dumped there like a load of rotten apples! No, if they were going to try that stunt I'd jump overboard. I couldn't bear the thought of returning to America. It was Paris I wanted to see again. Never again would I grumble over my lot. It wouldn't matter if I had to live the rest of my life in Paris as a beggar. Better a beggar in Paris than a millionaire in New York!

I rehearsed a marvellous speech, in French, which I intended to make to the officials. It was such an elaborate, melodramatic speech that the crossing of the channel passed like a dream. I was trying to conjugate a verb in the subjunctive when suddenly I saw the land popping up and the passengers flocking to the rail. Now it's coming, I thought. Brace up, me bucko, and unloose the subjunctives!

I stood apart from the others instinctively, as

though not to contaminate them. I didn't know just what the procedure would be in stepping off --- whether there'd be an *agent* to meet me or whether somebody would just pounce on me with the grappling hooks as I hit the gang-plank. It was all much more simple than my anxiety led me to anticipate. As the boat pulled into the wharf the captain came forward and, grasping me by the arm just as the constable had done, he led me to the rail where I was in plain view of the men ashore. When he had caught the eye of the man on the quay whom he was seeking he raised his left hand aloft with the index finger pointed heavenward and then motioned to me. It was like saying *One!* One head of cabbage to-day! One head of cattle! I was more amazed than ashamed. It was so direct and logical, too, that you could hardly quarrel about it. After all, I was on a boat and the boat was pulling in and I was the man they were looking for and why send a cablegram or telephone when all you need to do is raise your arm and point like that? What could be simpler, less expensive?

When I observed the man whom I was being delivered to my heart sank. He was a big brute of a fellow with black handlebars for moustache and an enormous derby which half crushed his big appetizing ears. Even at long range his hands looked like big hams. And he was dressed all in black too. Clearly things were against me.

Walking down the gang-plank I was struggling desperately to recall fragments of the speech which I had

rehearsed only a few moments ago. I couldn't remember a blooming phrase. All I kept saying to myself was --- "Oui, monsieur, je suis un Américain --- mais je ne suis pas un mendiant. Je vous jure, monsieur, je ne suis pas un mendiant."

"Votre passeport, s'il vous plait!"

"Oui, monsieur!"

I knew I was destined to say "Oui, monsieur" over ond over again. Each time it came out of me I cursed myself for saying it. But what are you going to do? That's the first thing that's drummed into you when you come to France. *Oui, monsieur! Non, monsieur!* You feel like a cockroach at first. And then you get used to it and you say it unconsciously, and if the other fellow doesn't say it you notice it and you hold it against him. And when you're in trouble that's the first thing that pops out of your mouth. "*Oui, monsieur!*" You say it like an old billy-goat.

Anyway, I had only said it once or twice, because like the constable this chap was also a silent man. His duty consisted, as I happily discovered, in nothing more than escorting me to the office of another official who again demanded my passport and my carte d'identité. Here I was politely asked to sit down. I did so with a great feeling of relief and at the same time, taking a last look at the big brute who had dismissed me, I asked myself --- where have I seen that man before?

After the grilling of the night before one great difference made itself felt immediately: *Respect for one's individuality!* I think now that even if he had put me

on a boat for America I would have accepted my fate tranquilly. There was an inner order to the language, for one thing. He said nothing capricious, nothing insolent, nothing mean or foul or vindictive. He was talking the language of his people and there was form in it, an inner form which had come out of a deep experience of life. It was all the more striking, this clarity, in comparison to the external chaos in which he moved. In fact, it was almost ridiculous, this disorder which enveloped him. It was not altogether ridiculous because what inspired it was human, human foibles, human fallibilities. It was a disorder in which you feel at home, which is a purely French disorder. He had, after a few entirely perfunctory questions, left me undisturbed. I still had no idea what my fate was to be, but I knew definitely that whatever his verdict it would not be capricious or malevolent. I sat there in silence observing the way he went about his work. Nothing seemed to work just right, neither the pen, nor the blotter, nor the ink, nor the ruler. It was as though he had just opened the office and I was his first client. But he had had other offices before, thousands of them, and so he was not greatly perturbed if things didn't go smoothly all at once. The important thing, as he had learned, was to get it all down correctly in the proper books. And to have the necessary stamps and seals which were to give the case its legal, orthodox aspect. *Who was I? What had I done? Ca ne me regarde pas!* I could almost hear him saying it to himself. All he had asked me was --- where were you born? where do you live in

My friendly looking beach tree tossed in the wind
Against a dark blue sky.
The bird played in the leaves
And his shadow played in the grass.
The top of a cloud behind the tree moved eastward.

"This evil is certainly here in this afternoon world,
And yet, what else could they do?" you said.

The bullfinch flew down to his shadow,
We stood side by side facing the window together,
Eyeing the garden.

"Women are filling shells with man-destruction,
And yet, what else could they do?" you said.
"The mills are milling poison,
Some of the guns they're making now
Can fire a shell that weighs a ton for twenty miles,
And when it touches earth
The crater blasted by its one explosion
Could take two hundred corpses in its apex.
It takes great skill to make such guns
And such shells —— and yet, what else could they do?
You cannot hear the hissing of the leaves," you said,
"And yet you know it, you'd almost swear you see it,
The sighing dance of the tree makes visible
That soft autumnal noise . . . And as for bombs,
We've always got those ready, up our sleeves,
And mustard gas, blistering agony, that as well
Ready to hand —— mark the word —— if need be:
If Freedom needs it, if Christianity demands it,
As by their parsons and their posters I am told they do.
What else could we do, we artisans and housewives?
O desperate, bankrupt, blindly led, crying: What else?"

Silence fell and you made me drink it
So that we heard, as well as saw, the hissing
Of the forgotten leaves.
And out of the bottom of the silence
As quiet as my thoughts, with far away words
I thought I said: You mean, what worse could we do?

"The cloud behind your tree is a tower of light,
Keep your eyes on that cloud," you said,
"And being a man, answer me fairly, as a cloud might.
Have I belied War, except as words must fail us?"

No, I said.

"Bit by bit, man by man,
Murder by murder, man by man,
Taken piecemeal, it is as bad, at least,
As I have said?"

In itself it is altogether bad, I said.

"Yet Freedom is in danger," you said.
"Will you defend it?"

I will, with all my might.

"What is your might?" you said.

A man's, at least, I said.

"That is, your reason and your soul," you said.
"Only by these weapons man is master of the world,
Better than the beasts, master of himself.
These have served well and surely for a million years,

We walked back to the quay and as the whistle blew we shook hands cordially and he wished me a bon voyage. As I took my seat he was still standing there. He waved his hand and again he said: "Au revoir, Monsieur Miller, et bon voyage!" This time the *Monsieur Miller* sounded good to my ears and perfectly natural. In fact it sounded so good and natural that it brought tears to my eyes. Yes, as the train rolled out of the station I distinctly remember two big tears rolling down my cheeks and falling on my hands. I felt safe again and among human beings. The "bon voyage" was ringing in my ears. *Bon voyage! Bon voyage!*

A light drizzle was falling over Picardy. It made the thatched roofs look invitingly black and the grass a little greener. Now and then a patch of ocean veered into sight, to be swallowed up immediately by rolling sand dunes, then farms and meadows and brooks. A silent, peaceful countryside where each man minds his own business.

Suddenly I felt so god-damned happy I wanted to stand up and shout or sing. But all I could think of was "*bon voyage!*" What a phrase that! All our lives we're knocking about here and there mumbling that phrase which the French have given us, but do we ever take the *bon voyage?* Do we realize that even when we walk to the bistrot, or to the corner grocer, that it's a voyage from which we may never return? If we keenly felt that, that each time we sailed out of the house we were embarking on a voyage, would it make our lives a little different? While we make the little trip to the corner,

or to Dieppe, or to Newhaven, or wherever it may be, the earth too is making her little trip, where nobody knows, not even the astronomers. But all of us, whether we move from here to the corner or from here to China, are making a voyage with our mother the earth, and the earth is moving with the sun and with the sun the other planets too are moving ... Mars, Mercury, Venus, Neptune, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus. The whole firmament is moving and with it, if you listen closely, you will hear "*Bon Voyage!*" "*Bon Voyage!*" And if you get still as a needle and don't ask a lot of foolish questions you will realize that to make a voyage is only an idea, that there is nothing in life but voyage, voyage within voyage, and that death is not the last voyage but the beginning of a new voyage and nobody knows why or whither, but *bon voyage* just the same! I wanted to stand up and sing that in the key of Ut-Mineur. I saw the whole universe like a network of tracks, some deep and invisible like planetary grooves, and in this vast misty slithering to and fro, in the ghost-like passage from one realm to another, I saw all things animate and inanimate waving to one another, the cockroaches to the cockroaches, the stars to the stars, man to man, and God to God. All aboard for the big trek to nowhere, but *Bon Voyage* just the same! From osmosis to cataclysm, all a vast, silent, and perpetual movement. To stand still within the big crazy movement, to move with the earth however she wobbles, to join up with the cockroaches and the stars and the gods and men, that's voyaging! And out there in space where we are

moving, where we leave our invisible tracks, out there is it possible that I hear a faint, sarcastic echo, a slimy, anæmic little English voice asking incredulously --- "Come, Mr. Miller, you don't mean to say that you write *medical* books too?" Yes, by Jesus, now I can say it with a clean conscience. Yes, Mr. Nobody from Newhaven, I *do* write medical books too, marvellous medical books which cure all the ills of time and space. In fact, I am writing now, this very minute the one great purgative of human consciousness: *the sense of voyage!*

And just as I imagined I saw the idiot from Newhaven cocking his ear to hear better a big shadow loomed in front of him and blotted him out. Just as I was about to say to myself---"Where have I seen this face before?" --- it dawned on me like a flash. The man with the moustache at Dieppe, that face I had seen somewhere before, I recognized it now: it was the face of Mack Swain! He was the Big Bad Wolf and Charlie was Samson Agonistes. That's all. I just wanted to straighten it out in my mind. *Et bon voyage! Bon voyage a tout le monde!*

MORTIFICATION OF FLESH

for l. s. b.

My soul, dry and ancient,
you are a whirl-wind stilled;
behold, you are a stone
unturned on the pike.

So, a sorrow in flight,
deserting a blizzard of words,
I will destroy you, momentarily;
I will destroy you with sleep.

This opiate has a merciful grip,
wringing carrion flesh
to the white of the dove,
then, fading, leaving soft silence.

And silence strides boldly
like a grave, brave runner against
the blue of a purple sky, spiked:
with faggots of platinum.

My breast-muscles ache
and my eyes have the weariness
of having dwelt on mere objects,
seeing not coldness,

seeing not, not Nemesis
lurking with green fire-brands
to drive to my heart of hearts:
to purge the wolf from its den.

J. C. Crews

NATIVE OF JUPITER

Elephant, stag and bull are my bearded
lord,
A field of sapphire, amethyst and tin
His mineral mind and all his thought
kingly

That he must die of an accidental king
Whom I have seen forbear a boy's
displeasure,
Stand without speech and only his clean
skin

Break into painful, humid breath,
untreasuring
All that is. He is a panic of dreams,
And none that so grieves upon general
injustice

Can with his drop of generous blood
disclose,
Uncotton the virtue of my rapacious
earth
Or make the picture other than it seems
That I am what a woman is and no more.

THE PRESCRIPTION

We must endure until this death
Antipathy bred in a waste of stars
Since for to-day my love is both
Parallel and conjunct with Mars.

Rayner Heppenstall

NATIVE OF MARS

Put down the armure of their pleasant bronze,
Their wine spilled out upon the ground and all
The little brooches, all the well-made cups

Broken, he will reside in the iron land
Of no bud springing and the adder to heel,
Jasper the eyes of a wolf to light or attend him

My son before I cried come to his kingdom
And I with him. A meteorite, a god,
Lay in this land till the ice quenched it and green

Vitriol flowed in the rocks whereto I bring him
Heraldic, pelican-in-her-piety love,
Easing the tooth of his inflated spleen

And with its action the adulterous hand.

THE PRESCRIPTION

Nothing that we know
Gives us the least excuse for taking
Violent action of any kind.

The deeds men do
Are commonly sins and the least heart-breaking
Bred in ignorance of the mind.

Rayner Heppenstall

NATIVE OF VENUS

His flocks turned up the hill and seeming to wait
Litter an afternoon suspended beneath
Ionian chapter on a sky deep as woad

Down in the valley tufted rabbits on grass
Perfect smaragdus or inelegant sparrow
Or searching the shadow with his coral mouth

A white goat have offended the querulous pheasant,
Silenced a dove. Lord of his lady's tower
Leaving it is this amiable scene

He fortune's darling with his violet hair
And thighs' rotundity looks down toward,
His groin still a conduit of desire

And no drought promised till the end of the world.

THE PRESCRIPTION

The wind arose,
And rattle of the windows and a door
Found his last breath.

The wind fell down,
And there was only an empty body of death
Left for the funeral.

Rayner Heppenstall

In the night
Lion roareth,
Eagle soareth
At noon light,
Croweth cock o' the morning.

Goldsmith day
Many a one,
Jeweller sun
Put to his eye,
Many a fever's burning.

Farmer soweth
In the spring,
Nought caring
Barley groweth,
Listeneth none to a warning.

THE PRESCRIPTION

Herb or potion there is none
Can militate against the sun.

Plunge in goblet out of sight
Hyacinth and chrysolite.

Lady tending to his need
Open vein and let him bleed.

Rayner Heppenstall

IWIS

see the breath of immaculate diapason
myria season's germinal litanies
dark root-secret geolatry of old

elegy of leaf glyptique
the amorphous
lascive
warm blood-painted abbatial air

hear selams of dream hemitone
mirage-lost diaphanous orient
cradle-bark hymen worships
brassiers of anarchic fire

taste the echo of rainbows
zephir incantated
hermaphroditic rains

D. Gray

TEOCALLI

dews of cerusean isolations
ebbing on the whale's moss-breast

neotic hymns are bleeding
and livid
as hippogryphs flying low
glides the isthmus of my anguish

D. Gray

FREMITUS

lost the pools of arcane centuries
lost ondines and angelus
as weeds
as clouds of birth's aurora
in the teeth of the feather winds

tribal-swept abyss-memories
dripping music and death
oh! midnight faith of our farewell

return arenas of yesterdays
dioramic web of our twin pulses

return destiny's coronal
empaled degrees deltaed ghosts
scaling each iris tear
in the phoby of salt windings

return lapidal hypostase
endemic sonatine
this icone still possessed
my diadem of deathless solitude

D. Gray

CORONIS

last sundown of green conceptions
soul-snakes
conceived in sweaty seas
stars and seeds of breasted mountains
in this anchored throat of sex

torn alchemy
of creviced mouth-worlds
foamed hydra of spring's dead ice

from liquid hands
across earthless savanas
come phalanx of telemons
where silenian ash credoes
in secret symmetries
flood moonless placentas

come scarab-melopee
sphynx fading into nearness
tumulus reeds of emerald clays
monoxyled ultimity

D. Gray

SCYTALE

in the labyrinth of lost hands
life's crested paladin
chains æons of virgin-deaths

oh! amion stars
my seven shining limbs
volatil masks
crowding this madness

quivering lanes of naked raptus
vain isles of ophite rains
where diaxal rampires wither
in the spent meridian air

TENEBRAE

I sink in the lee of my moon-pain
fever mourning paradise
a cloven mood of dwi-fleet rain
tortures my delphic gleams

loved to naked madness
from nacreous pistil to spasmodic breath
loved in sebastian body weeping
macilent death sings over me

ephemeral sacraments
flutes are roses for a day

the earth is waiting
and the heresy of the blood-lit tomb

D. Gray

RETURN TO THE SHORE

That foam is fallen on the green waves;
Now the water is not that water.
The high rock is rounded; the sea-cliff
Shelves are heaped in the ocean whey.
The talus the long jaws of the waves
Champed even in the still evening
And the blunt hurled swells struck
With covering thunder is devoured. The wingbeat
Spray hovers from rock to rock.
And even the mood alters: the tides
Of the blood crying the countersong answer
That makes the music of the world, the meaning
Of the seastream and the sky, cry with a difference
To the winds feeding on the thin jade
Fins of the water, the gathering seafall,
The foam's burst, the churn of the pools.

Brewster Ghiselin

BLUE OCEAN

Here where stone and earth, body of land,
Break off into the lost blue of ocean,
It is easy to be lost, pour out the heart
In sweet release over the death-blue sea,
The glaze of turquoise past the swaying calm.
The earth ends, the open water glows:
Untwine the root; ravel the foreland dust
Into the air; dissolve the rock with foam,
Unform the granite; drown in dusk the sand.
Grip and fist of life, relax and lie
Like death, yielding your lusts and fears. Drown,
Body of Being, in that stainless azure.

Brewster Ghiselin

OF THE NEW PROSODY

The lost music returns: a few bring it,
Verse like the straining of pointed waves shoreward:
The stress of the blades, the cradle of the slack between,
Some rising, some falling, the whole
Tumult order and beauty, but above all
The power and the heartbeat and male music of our
being.

Brewster Ghiselin

CREATIVENESS AND SOCIAL CHANGE

by

DEREK SAVAGE

The tendency of romantic nineteenth century poetry away from the actual world to realms of the imagination, away from social reference to subjectivity, in Keats, Byron, Wordsworth, undoubtedly parallels the early progress of the industrial revolution. A significant development over the moods and emotions of these writers is shown in the work of later poets like Tennyson and Arnold, who were bound to follow in the same tracks as their forerunners, but to experience more consciously the gathering impact of mechanism upon a rural world. A fatigued hopelessness displaces the previous acute despair of, say, Keats. We have the spectacle of the later Tennyson, of *In Memoriam* wearily trying to piece together the fragments of faith which Shelley excitedly kicked to pieces.

Later, in the very valuable poems of T. S. Eliot, the position of the individual is even more precisely stated. Here is a whole world of boredom and fatigue out of which the poet has to create his poems.

Along the reaches of the street
Held in a lunar synthesis,
Whispering lunar incantations
Dissolve the floors of memory
And all its clear relations,
Its divisions and precisions,
Every street lamp that I pass
Beats like a fatalistic drum,
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

The romanticism is still there, but inverted; we are given the Sweeny side of the Endymion medal.

Eliot is important in English poetry because he showed how it was possible for the poet to grapple with the new forces which the industrial revolution had discharged into the world, or shall we say, with the results of those forces, with "The burnt-out ends of smoky days" and "the hands That are raising dingy shades In a thousand furnished rooms."

This fatigue and boredom we have noticed in the poetry of writers of the latterday industrial revolution is symptomatic of the distress of individuals in a mechanistic environment. Life under metropolitan conditions suffers an internal impoverishment which is the result of divorce from the fullness of natural things. The intellect may go racing away like the clockwork of a toy train lifted off the rails, but among the simplifications and abstractions of the city the senses are starved and the soul itself is impoverished.

The machine's impact upon the pastoral culture of

the eighteenth century had the primary effect of breaking up the agricultural village communities and herding the working populations into large towns where their lives, from being grouped around the seasonal life of nature, were focussed upon the artificial, abstract functioning of routine processes of manufacture. The major effect of this was two-fold, to weaken the inner communal bond between man and man, offering instead the mass life of the city, and to replace the satisfying complex experience of pastoral labour by activity disconnected from any root reality, specialized work upon a disconnected part of a process instead of work upon a whole, beginning, middle and end.

The machine has quietly slid a wall of steel between man and nature, severing the connection between man's pulse and the rhythm of the seasons and substituting a mechanical clock-tick to which he has to adapt his life. The price paid for this is the drying up of men's inner lives, and impoverishment of experience, the essence and meaning of living. The fullness of the world is not realized, and people live among counters which represent real things, but which are abstractions from the real for the purpose of convenience, efficiency, business. And the more our lives are subjected to 'business' the more this is so. Life becomes a hurried journey from one object, one place, to another, and the space between the two becomes thin and unreal. We are enslaved to the material, and the horrible effect of this is to make life itself insubstantial. For there is less and less union between the inner and the outer, life becomes externalised

--- which only means we are ceasing to experience, are ceasing to *be*. It's a nightmare in which the soul is emptied, cannot make contact, and can only be filled by sensationalism, ceaseless hurry and meaningless activity.

What is the result of this upon our every-day lives? Experience in the office, factory, shop, has been reduced to a repetitive minimum. Time, not filled out by real achievement, narrows down to a thin unreal stream. We get our work done somehow and leave with relief at the set hour --- to amuse ourselves. Nothing has been added to us by our work, we are no richer. It has simply used us, taken our energy, and gives us the means to purchase some of the hundred and one substitutes for genuine living that the city has to offer.

It is necessary to emphasize the abstract nature of these entertainments. Disconnection between people is exemplified very well by the cinema, with its wide gap between actors and auditorium. News, too, so essential to the modern mass-man, illustrates the tendency towards abstraction. The reporter or camera-man spies upon events and extracts their sensation-value for mass consumption. No attempt is made to give the fullness of an event, an inevitable sieve eliminates all but the bare outline, which is accepted as the whole story, the "news." How many readers make any attempt, when reading in their paper of, say, a disaster, to plumb its inner significance from the outline so presented? Such an effort requires the exercise of imagination, and the the whole tendency of the modern world is to ignore and to destroy that quality.

External organization, of course, on larger and larger scales, follows the removal of inner community. As cities become larger they spread over and destroy the peculiar character of localities with their own insipid uniformity, thus increasing the tendency of radio, cinema, newspapers, etc., etc., to issue uniform generalizing influences upon the masses. Everything takes the individual away from the reality of his own experience, offering instead the sub-reality of a general experience. We are becoming de-personalized, inwardly isolated, outwardly organized to death. It is difficult to be creative.

Among all this, people are not happy. Often they are unconscious of their unhappiness, find distractions, give up the struggle and allow the destructive process of mechanization to invade them, and become units in the metropolitan machine. The individualist fights a difficult battle, striving to find a niche for himself in a society which does not allow for individual values. Most people compromise.

To simplify the situation as it confronts the average man, there are two alternative courses of action in modern metropolis. One is to accept the existing conditions and make the best of them, to get on, to make money, to find a secure place in the machine. The other is the way of the revolutionary who opposes himself to society in an endeavour to overthrow it and replace it with an order more suited to the needs of the people.

Now, the instinct of the majority of men to refuse

to participate in 'movements' (the lamented 'apathy' of the working classes in the eyes of the reformist) is is basically a sound one, for it is a wish to remain grounded in personal life, however mean and commonplace. With the increasing disruption of society, however, this reluctance is broken down and men turn from the poverty of their personal lives outwards with the desire to serve a larger life than their own. Movements are bad, and social organizations are bad, which tend to interfere with and invade the personal lives of individuals, through which they may attain personal meaning in the logic of their own experience. Fascism, communism, those mass attempts to grapple with the form of modern society, confess their failure to understand the modern dilemma by the accentuation of it which they bring about, the increased invasion of private by public life, the focussing of all interests around the quite artificial State.

The truth is that the impetus towards change is itself only too often determined by the conditions it wishes to alter, the 'revolution' takes the form of merely external re-arrangement upon the same premises, philosphical and moral, as the old order. A communist or fascist revolution once effected results only in a change of masters, continuance of tyranny under a new name. A second revolution is still necessary to liberate the soul of man.

In static, organic societies, revolving integrally around fixed axes, the question of revolutionary activity does not arise. It is when the centre of society loosens

and the form of society itself begins to disintegrate that the question of revolution is revelant, and its purpose should be the restoration of stability in a social form which has absorbed or eliminated the unbalancing forces.

In a stable society it is possible for life to be personal, for creative activity to be directed through existing channels, vertically, from a firm basis. The art of such a society will be relatively formal and classical; from it academic formulations will be made for future generations. The art of transitional periods, on the other hand, is bound to be somewhat tortured as the artist finds traditional forms insufficient for, or obstructive to, what he has to express. For the entry of new forces into consciousness, or the obsolescence or enervation of old forces, means that fresh elements are introduced into experience, which necessitates again the disobedience of artistic conventions and the expression of experience in fresh artistic forms.

The East knew the security of a harmonious society continually recapitulating the same unvarying pattern, the value of discountenancing originality; observance of ancestor-worship, strict formal modes of customary behaviour and ceremony. Christianity has made that impossible in the West, where life is dynamic and continually cracking the moulds in which men attempt to solidify it. Periods of stability are comparatively brief and uncertain, because the final state of harmony has not yet been arrived at.

Marxist communism and fascism are both ways of

adjusting the individual to the modern situation, out of which they arise. Both are mass phenomena and both make of the de-personalized human being an instrument for the realization of supra-personal social or racial ends, fascism organizing the isolated individual into an instrument of the all-important State, communism offering him a semi-mystical participation in History.

To writers who find it increasingly difficult to cope with the unfriendly inundation of phenomena of the city, the myth of communism seems to offer considerable possibilities of technical expansion. It is a very frequent thing for writers whose personal experience seems to have run dry, or whose capacity for responding creatively to experience has become impaired, to ally themselves with the 'revolutionary masses' for the wider range of reference such identification may give to their writing. The doctrinaire communist (orthodox variety) with his demand from poets and novelists that they should discard their individualistic approach to life and participate in and express, for the service of History, the revolutionary struggle of the workers, often drops his seeds on favourable soil. Nobody, I suppose, takes surrealism seriously now, but I suggest that the impetus behind the writer who becomes a revolutionary and behind him who becomes a surrealist is the same, namely, an attempt to overcome the drying up of the personal experience, always due to the difficulty of keeping spiritually alive in present-day conditions. Only one directs his mind over unexplored objective

realms and the other over subjective regions, both a little outside the radius of the normal mind.

The communist has a ready-made theory to hand to which he is required to adjust his conception of society and values --- which he believes to be socially determined. To a communist the individual life is not of great importance except insofar as it contributes towards the achievement of a certain particular end. Communists, that is to say, are not concerned, professionally, with the personal worth of their associates so much as with their usefulness and value as instruments, and the best instruments are seldom those persons who enjoy the richest and fullest inner lives. It is rather the destructive man, who will use a machine gun to further his ends, if expedient, who is the admired type.

This attitude of mind is one which substitutes *utilization* of life for *enjoyment*, it rarifies experience, whose full concrete impact does not reach the individual so preoccupied. It is a short-circuit of life, a bending of the vertical personal-principle to horizontal utilitarianism. It is, in fact, the same attitude as that which is a distinguishing feature of existence today, whose results have made the modern world so insufferable. Communism, fascism, carry a stage further the anti-personal campaign of capitalist materialism. When social, horizontal, values replace the vertical absolute, morality decays and becomes opportunistic. Order in an a-moral state has to be maintained by tyranny.

For the oppressed and exploited individual there is considerable satisfaction to be found in participation

with others in a revolutionary movement. It is a relief to be liberated from one's isolated existence, to feel oneself one of many in the service of a cause, the relief which is felt by those who join the Army, and are freed from individual responsibility by subordinating themselves to the mechanism of Army routine.

The average man's attitude to life is opportunist and hedonistic, the acquisitive, possessive instincts are inclined to dominate, his values are material ones. Under the stress of squalor and misery and oppression most men's fortitude collapses sooner or later, and if they see around them only more squalor, with no immediate opportunity of personal escape, they frequently accept the political solution as one capable of dealing with poverty and misery in bulk, by organization. A belief in the value of suffering, in the worth of all experience whatever, is "vertical" and difficult, and depends upon considerable vital inner force; it is not natural --- it is not a part of the average, unreligious, man's equipment for facing life, although much heroism under appalling conditions is shown every day by ordinary men and women, giving sometimes an air of nobility to the most commonplace lives. Of necessity such belief is an individual thing, something which one discovers for oneself. It has no recognition socially.

Ultimately our own unique personal experience is all that we possess, all else is transitory or illusory. And by experience I mean that fusion of inner and outer being, that illumination of the world in the light of the spirit which alone gives depth and reality to existence.

And experience is important to us not *essentially*, not in its apparent singleness, but in all its diversity and complexity, for the union it gives us with the whole interdependence and inexhaustible variousness of life. It is when we seek to isolate the apparent source of experience, the point of contact, from life's fullness, to abstract and separate in order to possess, that we are betraying life. And that is what we are doing today, with our efficiency, our industry, our communism and fascism --- betraying life and betraying, consequently, ourselves.

* * * *

The problem of political action is the problem of the restoration to men of the fullness of personal living. Most political theories separate the two, and ignore the latter or postpone its consideration until the completion of the political process. This severance is fatal. Impoverishment of experience and the progress of industrialism have been coincidental; the restoration of the fullness of personal living and the movement towards social change must be coincidental too. No revolutionary action can be of any value unless it issues from and consumates the individual's desire for personal fulfilment. A political activity merely, limited to certain times and places and separated from the whole lives of those participating is not sufficient to meet the demands imposed upon us by the necessity of creating a society which acknowledges the supreme importance of the individual man. The value of simply *living* against the current of modern life, which logically involves political action in alliance with other persons, has yet to be

realized. To put it another way, it's no use for a man to take part in political action grudgingly or out of hatred or despair. Only that is valuable which fulfils a man, which provides an outlet for his creative energy, and which gives him real loving community with other persons. In such action, morality must of course be vertical, or religious. Violence would not be permissable. What this implies is a wholeness, an integration, of being and of action.

It is of course not merely artistic creativeness which finds it difficult to find expression through existing channels in a disintegrating social structure; isolation and uniformity and poverty affect all kinds of creativeness, in all individuals. Living has ceased to be creative, methods and customs of living no longer connect the individual with any basic reality, and it is necessary for creative living to break through the restrictive shell of habit into the reality of personal community, first, and next, to guide Society into a harmonious and organic relationship with Nature.

Radical changes are required in an economic structure which has not altered to correspond with certain developments that have taken place in the physical world. Perhaps, as so frequently has been suggested, we should adapt the economic structure of society to the increased powers of production which the machine has made possible. But I do not think so.

Before determining upon any such adjustment it is necessary to ask: What is the value to humanity of the steps we propose taking? In what way will they affect

the personal life of each individual man and woman? Will the proposed re-organization tend to liberate personal creativeness, provide adequate conduits for it? Such questions are not often asked by technical and economic experts and professional reformers.

The disintegration of modern society demands a creative response directed towards the future, not a mechanical response, and a creative response can only come from the personal lives and experience of individuals, not as tools, but as persons participating together in a creative action directed vertically, in being, and horizontally, in action, at one and the same time. Isolation must be overcome by communal action for the achievement of a society liberated from the dominance of the machine and the machine-enslaved minds of dictators and demagogues. In fact, a small precurser of that society must be established in the present, whose expansion will gradually affect the whole of the world outside. Communist and fascist revolutions will continue, but will seem irrelevant to those who carry the seeds of the New Order within them.

What happens is what is necessary. It is impossible for us to deny our present. Rather, we must incorporate it into our experience and live through and beyond it. It is evident that we are nearing the end of the capitalist-materialist epoch. Whatever emerges from the other side of war, revolution, and ruination, depends solely upon persons. What is necessary is to live out that experience, live through and beyond it, into the new order of humanity which must come, if we will it.

EDITORIAL

With the sending forth of this issue we have succeeded in weathering our first year of publishing *The Phœnix*.

It's not been an easy year. We've always been hard pressed for funds. And we've always been hard pressed for time, for there are only four of us --- my wife, with our infant daughter to tend and watch over; myself; a neighboring young painter named Fanny Rocker; and Canisse Souza, a carpenter who lives in a cottage nearby us --- to do all the work involved in sending out *The Phœnix*. And it's a long, slow, tedious process: setting the type by hand, making proofs, correcting, printing, folding the pages, assembling them into signatures, sewing, and binding. With all of us being continually interrupted by our various other tasks --- chopping and hauling firewood, baking bread, sewing, washing, etc. etc. --- and by outside work to provide money for our additional day to day needs.

And on the planes beyond these primary ones of funds and labour, it's not been an easy year. Word of *The Phœnix* spreads slowly. In America, with the ex-

ception of *The New Republic* and *Poetry*, the so-called leading journals and perodicals have been either too smug or too hostile to recognize the arisal of *The Phœnix*. And both *The New Republic* and *Poetry* merely echoed the jeers of such ænemic English magazines as the now defunct *Criterion*, *Life And Letters Today*, *Townsman*, etc. The recent official death of that still-born journal *Criterion* set editorial tongues clucking in sympathy among all divergent *leading* periodicals and journals. But then it is only to be expected that such editors would naturally gravitate toward deaths and obituaries. Indeed, nothing would dismay us more than if such editors and critics *did* hail *The Phœnix* with the same worn-out superlatives and hygienic approvals that they lavish on such *new* magazines as *Twice A Year* *. For the praise and approval of hypocrites and fools can be far more devastating than the invective and denunciation of enemies.

However, the danger of *The Phœnix* being assailed with praise from such quarters is a remote one. We

* "It gives me a genuine pleasure to have this beautiful publication, (Twice A Year) ranking in literary excellence among the finest in the world today." *Thomas Mann*

"*Twice A Year* has moved me deeply. It is beautiful and simple. It is clean. I am glad of it. The sense of cleanliness ... of decency: to achieve it and sustain it has become in our day more arduous than Titan's struggle. This book gives me this sense of decency: makes it an American presence." *Waldo Frank*

realized, from the start, that we could expect few, if any, friendly words from editors and critics of the various Marxian, Fascist, Democratic, Liberal, and Christian camps. But we did think, erroneously enough, that some of them would be courageous and honest enough to face us squarely, even though in open opposition or hostility. And as yet, none of them have. So far, those of them who have admitted the arisal of *The Phœnix* have done so only through uneasy sneers and derision and prophecies of our early extinction. Well, so much for them.

Of ourselves, we've made some grievous mistakes during our first year of publication. Various writers got in touch with us, sent in their work, and apart from those whose fiction and poetry we have published, there were some who professed to hold an allegiance to the central purpose of *The Phoenix* --- the purpose which Derek Savage hints at in his essay when he says: "*In fact, a small precurser of that society must be established in the present, whose expansion will gradually affect the whole of the world outside.*" And these sent in work with far more serious pretensions than fiction and poetry. Philosophical and metaphysical and ethical essays, filled with spiritual grandiloquence and word-bravery. And we, to our profound chagrin, fell for some of them. And published them. And although we may appear like fools and be laughed at for admitting it, we may as well do so. Better that we now admit our own mistakes, than have others scornfully point them out to us later on. And so we hereby acknowledge that we stand by none of the

essays or reviews we published during our first year, save those of D. H. Lawrence's, the essay of Derek Savage's in the present issue, and my own reviews and editorials. It is extremely humiliating to have to do this, but we must. For although we have published essays which in varying degrees seem to be deeply in accord with the central purpose of *The Phoenix*, yet we have learned the deceit behind the words. We have privately learned, beyond the faintest doubt, that their authors neither have nor ever had the slightest intention of participating in any "small precurser" of that society which *The Phoenix* augurs. They were merely seeking to further their own names and fame as writers within the tomb of this present society. They fling out brave-sounding *words*, but they haven't the courage and the vision to put aside in a secondary position their reputations as *writers* and accept as of primal importance the simple, obscure heroism of *men* seeking through *action* to find a way back into life again. And so we disavow them.

In the future we'll be far more careful and wary. We'll be shedding some of our false, fledgling feathers and growing stronger, truer ones. In this respect, we rejoice in welcoming Derek Savage amongst us. And we feel that he more than compensates for our mistakes and losses. He has accepted the post as editor at large for *The Phoenix* in Great Britian and Europe, and he will work for us there until he finds the means to join us here in this country --- an event which we hope will take place in the very near future.

And in reckoning up our first year of publication,

there must be also mentioned those other young men and women, scattered in various parts of America and Europe, with whom we have come in contact through *The Phoenix*. For although they are not writers and cannot contribute to the pages of our journal, yet they are prepared to contribute deeply of themselves: they have pledged to join with us in the deeds that lie *beyond* the pages of our symbolical fire-bird. And since words are but fruitless things unless there takes place a marriage between them and deeds, our covenant with these young men and women must indeed be reckoned as an essential harvest of the first year of *The Phoenix*.

In truth, despite all difficulties and despite our mistakes and failures, we have succeeded in accomplishing the first essential step towards carrying out the central purpose embodied in *The Phoenix*. For we now have the nucleus of one of the "small precursers which must be established in the present, whose expansion will gradually affect the whole of the world." And I say *one* of the small precursers deliberately, for we have discovered with profound joy and encouragement that there are other groups of men and women in America and Europe who are banding together to find a way out of the tomb of modern society back into life again.

And these groups, except that they believe that men can only properly have communion with the Lord through Christ and the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, embody in their essence the same purpose held by those of us who have pledged our allegiance to the

symbol of *The Phoenix:* the complete renunciation of machines and mechanized modes of life; the unequivocal condemnation of Industrial forms of society, whether they be of Capitalist (with all its varying shades of Democratic, Liberal, Conservative, Technocratic, etc.), Marxian Communist, Fascist, or Nazi variety; and the unswerving determination to serve under none of these degrading, deathly states, but to break away in small communities, in small precursers of a resurrection and renascence of mankind through a return to the dignity and purity and religiousness of a mode of life rooted in agriculture and the handicrafts.

And although we ourselves feel sadly convinced that the Roman Catholic Church, and all the other Christian sects and churches too, for that matter, are permeated with a ghastly corruption, yet we do not in any way hold responsible such men as Eric Gill, Harold Robbins, and Thomas Barry --- leaders of Catholic groups seeking a way back into life --- for the hypocrisy and corruption of the Church through which they choose to worship the Lord. Indeed, on the contrary, it is our most heartfelt wish that such men as these will bring about a purification within Christianity itself. But this is another matter, and will be dealt with more fully further on in our review section, where Thomas Barry's periodical *The Sower* and Harold Robbin's book *The Sun of Justice* will be discussed. At this point we only wish to state, or rather repeat, that it has been a source of deep joy and encouragement to us to learn of the activities and struggles of such men as these and their followers.

To return, then, to our own immediate and pressing problems. There are none among us, of our group, who are affluent. We all live the precarious material lives of the disenfranchised working class. And before we can break apart from the ruins of the present society and pioneer into the new life that lies beyond this deepening chaos of death and slavery and wars and revolutions, we must have a fertile tract of land to establish ourselves, we must have necessary tools and implements, we must have a few domesticated animals, and we must have an initial store of supplies to tide us over until our first harvests. All of which means we need money. But we need money only as antidote against money. A sort of homeopathic fund to pay off the Charons who would otherwise bar our way out of the tomb. And since we are of ourselves poor in this dollars and cents world and can save but slowly and with extreme difficulty towards a sufficient sum --- one or two thousand dollars would undoubtedly be enough --- we appeal to anyone with means who may want to assist us. Or to anyone who has a tract of land he would be willing to give us.

Which brings us to another point we wish now to clarify. There are various readers of *The Phoenix*, men and women whom we respect and feel a baffled sympathy with, who have written in to us, urging us to establish our commune right where we are, here in Woodstock, or at least within the United States. Some of these letters we are publishing further on, in the correspondence section. Nevertheless, I'd like to quote

a passage from one of them here.

Dr. Trigant Burrow, of the Lifwynn Foundation, writes:

"I do not at all see how you can withdraw this way from the sick muddle of things and not take me with you --- me and the other millions of people that make up the common run of us. Unless you feel that our pain and confusion are less than yours or that we are less sensitive to it than you are, but I do not believe for a moment that this is your attitude. I could not imagine you, of all people, differentiating yourself from others in any such fashion. And yet your program of isolation for yourself and your group has definitely in it this element of discrimination, of setting yourselves apart. That it why I liked the letter of H. Gaylord Collins. Colonization seems a form of escape --- a sort of running away. I'd rather stand and take it. It seems healthier. And what is more I think you would. I think you'd rather stand with the rest of us, for all our stupidity and inadequacies of feeling and motivation, than move apart from us. I just think you are that sort. And so, since you ask me, I'd weigh carefully this idea of a colony of place and opportunity and security. I'd think rather of the possibilities of a colony of *thought* and *feeling* within the very midst of the confused social community in which you and I find ourselves. I think you might find restriction and curtailment in any other course. I think you might find your genuinely deep human sympathies denied their full expression in any setting other than the immediate need and confusion of our common humanity."

Now a letter like this makes us pause and gravely search our hearts for an adequate answer. For pleas like these are deeply troubling and saddening. Almost, they remind one of the similiar tragedy of breaking

apart from one's family, from one's parents and brothers and sisters --- of relinquishing the unity of childhood and adolescence and entering the loneliness and struggle of manhood. One weeps secretly and silently at the sundering, but unless he shrink from the perilous responsibility of his manhood, he cannot avoid it. At least, not in times such as these. For there must be some men and women who will leave home and country, kin and friends and neighbors, there must be some men and women to roll aside the sealing stone, and to set out on the quest for a way back into life again. There must be some men and women to survive the approaching tidal wave of destruction and death that is roaring towards Europe and U.$. part of America. There must be some of us to preserve intact the seeds of a new flowering of our race. There must be some of us to go on ahead, while there is still left a few brief days of grace, and break the way for those who will follow after, and for those who survive the inexorable, frightful retribution of past evils and transgressions that is to be visited upon modern society.

And it is not enough to establish mere colonies of *thought* and *feeling* in the midst of the present doomed order. We will need far more substantial arks than these to ride the approaching storms. And when we disembark from our Arks, we will need to root ourselves like trees in the earth, or else be blown into the abyss of a destructive, uncreative death. For the gathering winds and storms and tidal waves are being visited upon humanity as a purification of all our accumulated

deadness and dry rot and corruption. And it is the perilous responsibility of all those who possess the seeds of a new flowering of mankind within the secret fastnesses of their hearts and souls to now guard themselves and bear these seeds to a propitious place for the sowing.

And where are the propitious places on the earth today? Are there any places in the U. $. part of America or Europe where groups of men and women could establish small precursers of a way back into life again, without being blighted by government interference? Would the members of such communes be able to avoid conscription or imprisonment or execution in the approaching wars and revolutions? Would they be able to preserve themselves in the midst of the suicidal stampedes of the deathward-polarized masses? Would they be able to calm the suicidal stampedes and direct them back towards life? Niccola Sacco and Bartolemeo Vanzetti, with the most sublime heroism of our times, strove to divert the working classes from their deathward-streaming flow into the factories and wars. And Niccola Sacco and Bartolemeo Vanzetti were seized by hired thugs of the ruling class and thrown into prison and tortured and murdered. Why didn't individuals of *thought* and *feeling* rise up and destroy the prison that held Niccola Sacco and Bartolemeo Vanzetti? Why didn't they demolish it --- every stone and door and iron bar of it? Why did they allow the foul mockery of this country's halls of justice --- this country which sanctimoniously poses and boasts to be the most liberal

and democratic of the earth --- to torture and murder men who were gleaming heroes of our age? And if the individuals of *thought* and *feeling* were too few and too lacking in courage and daring and audacity to save Niccola Sacco and Bartolemeo Vanzetti from the monstrous filth and evil of the ruling class, then why didn't the working class, the masses of oppressed, enslaved, disenfranchised workers, whom Sacco and Vanzetti were seeking to restore to life --- why didn't *they* rise up and save their heroes from prison and death?

No, not for us any community of mere *thought* and *feeling*. Such communities are always impotent in the face of the brutal *actions* of evil men. They rely upon the feeble weapons of words --- and we know that words are powerless unless they are wedded to action. And even their words are forbidden and burnt in times of conflict. Of what efficacy were the words of individuals of thought and feeling during the entire betrayal of humanity within this civilization? Were they able to halt the disenfranchisement of the peasantry and artisans, the herding of the working classes into factories and cities and industrial wars? Were they able to disclose and and forestall the ugly greed and evil of the ruling classes that led men into the horror of the World War? Are they able to stem the heart-sickening slaughters raging this very moment in Spain and China?

No, the individuals of *thought* and *feeling* seem to be ineffectual, powerless men. And the working class, despite our unreserved sympathy for their sufferings and oppression, are for the most part an emasculated,

cowardly throng that allows its heroes to be seized and tortured and murdered, and allows itself to be herded unresistingly into the death of cities, factories, and industrial-political wars rather than turn and fight its way back --- and even die, if needs be, but die creatively --- into life again. Of what use, then, to stay in the midst of such men who can only fight over what is truly the wages of death --- over working hours and over more dollars and cents to buy more radios, cars, refrigerators, steam heat, canned foods, tooth paste, movie tickets, etc. etc. ad nauseum. Of what use to offer oneself as a martyr to such creatures? Ten thousand heroes like Niccola Sacco, Bartolemeo Vanzetti, and D. H. Lawrence could not fecundate by their sacrificial deaths such barren masses. Look, how now that Sacco and Vanzetti are dead, they can be safely made into gelded heroes for the Marxian Communists. And how now that D. H. Lawrence has departed from amongst us, all sorts of maggoty creeps, such as Hugh Kingsmill, can come trailing their slimy messes across his grave.

No, as cruel as it may sound, it is my belief that a large portion of humanity --- all the accumulated filth and dry rot and corruption --- must be swept away in the purging cataclysms that are already roaring upon us. Then, and only then, will humanity as a whole be ready for a renascence.

And while the mass of humanity is thus terribly engaged in liquidating the death within itself, there must be some of us --- those of us who possess the seeds

of a new civilization --- to extricate ourselves from the general disintegration and to go off and find a propitious place for our sowing.

Later, after the debacle of death has spent itself, there can be transplantings made from our scattered outposts of the new society. Myself, I believe that Europe and the British Isles are really the true homeland of the white race. And personally I'm drawn to the land of my forefathers --- Ireland. I wish it could be so that I could dwell there among its natives, somewhere by the sea, in a commune of free men and women. I believe that the spirit of America, both north and south, belongs to the red Indian race, and that because of the way the white race has violated these lands they are secretly hostile to most of us.

But for the present, there is no native land for any of us. We have all dishonored and betrayed our mother countries. We are all prodigal sons in exile. And it is utterly futile to speak of any loyalty or patriotism to the false, political, industrial boundaries of modern nations, particularly any such nation as the U. $., which was stolen with the most perfidious cruelty from another people. And since we are, and must be yet for some time to come, exiles in the deepest and saddest sense of word, it matters little where we go to establish our outposts of a new society. In the distant future, no doubt, there will be a home-coming. But now the Earth, that encompassing mother of the entire far-flung family of all mother-lands and countries, will somewhere offer us a refuge.

And since we are determined to serve no longer under any Industrialist states, but to be sufficient unto ourselves in a commune through tilling the earth, hunting, fishing, and handicrafts, it seems most wise to us to seek our place in those parts of the earth which are least dominoted by Industrialism, and which are at the same time situated in a temperate zone where the soil is fertile and where there is an abundance of wild game and sea food. And it seems to us that certain parts of South America would be the most favourable of any such places. So it is in that direction we are shaping our plans.

But wherever we do go, we will continue to publish *The Phoenix*, and in it we will chronicle our struggles and adventures, our failures and achievements. And wherever we establish our commune, it will always be open to any man or women who wishes to join us in the same spirit that we are forming it.

Dominus vobiscum et nobis.

James Peter Cooney

Note: We would have liked to have included many more of the letters we received, but space did not permit, and we were forced to select those that struck us as most representative. In our future issues, however, we intend to devote a much more proportionate space to our correspondents. Indeed, we feel that it has been a mistake on our part not to have done so from the very beginning. For in its present stage, The Phoenix is essentially an act of communication with men and women, scattered in all parts of the world, who are seeking a way back into life. And out of our communicants the nucleus of our commune is forming. The correspondence section, therefore, should, and will be, a vitally important part of our issues.

I think you are very much to be congratulated upon your periodical. What appeals to me most about *The Phoenix* is the ardour and genuineness with which you have gone ahead with it. I like your fearlessness in setting forth so heartily the things you believe in. But here I find myself feeling diffident and as a stranger among you. To confess the simple truth, I haven't a belief to my name nor any special ardour. Not one.

This dearth of belief in me or of inspiration must sound to you iconoclastic and cynical, I fear. I don't really think it is that. But what it is, I find difficult to explain. It is all bound up with my studies in human behaviour. The experiments of my associates and myself over the past twenty years have resulted in a very different outlook upon human problems and human ways. They have given us an altered form of references, personally and socially, toward the field of human behaviour and its motivations. Much of our story is told in a book of mine, published by Macmillan two years ago, "The Biology of Human Conflict." It isn't gratifying reading and is difficult. But it represents the last published statement of any length regarding my position. I sometimes think this study would have offended Lawrence. It is replete with what Edward Carpenter once impatiently called my "scientific jargon." What is more, there are no end of strange words coined especially to fit my meaning. But one cannot tell. Perhaps in this statement, the sympathy and understanding I found in Lawrence might have

been cemented into an even closer bond between us. However I certainly do not commend this thesis of mine to the literary artist. He would grow impatient not only with my awkward manner of writing, but with the sheer discipline of its challenge to customary inter-personal or social values --- our habitual opinions and beliefs.

This brings me to your own plans toward a solution of your very pressing and oppressing problems of social adjustment.

"I do not at all see how you can withdraw this way from the sick muddle of things and not take me with you --- me and the other millions of people that make up the common run of us. Unless you feel that our pain and confusion are less than yours or that we are less sensitive to it than you are, but I do not believe for a moment that this is your attitude. I could not imagine you, of all people, differentiating yourself from others in any such fashion. And yet your program of isolation for yourself and your group has definitely in it this element of discrimination, of setting yourselves apart. That it why I liked the letter of H. Gaylord Collins. Colonization seems a form of escape --- a sort of running away. I'd rather stand and take it. It seems healthier. And what is more I think you would. I think you'd rather stand with the rest of us, for all our stupidity and inadequacies of feeling and motivation, than move apart from us. I just think you are that sort. And so, since you ask me, I'd weigh carefully this idea of a colony of place and opportunity and security. I'd think rather of the possibilities of a colony of *thought* and *feeling* within the very midst of the confused social community in which you and I find ourselves. I think you might find restriction and curtailment in any other course. I think you might find your genuinely deep human sympathies denied their full expression in any setting other than the immediate need and confusion of our common humanity."

In any event and whatever the outcome, I want you to know that you have my very hearty sympathy and good wishes. All the success to *The Phoenix* that it

merits, however alien to its fine purpose my own direction of investigation and interest may be.

Trigant Burrow
Clearwater, Florida

I feel there is a definite need in this country for a magazine such as *The Phoenix*. I don't know of any other publication in these States which can fill the need your magazine can.

Americans in particular need to be reminded of this disintegration which is rotting away their souls and be stirred on --- i.e. those that can still be stirred on to do something about it or at least be made aware of it, which is an even more important part of the problem.

As for your *In Reply* --- and this expresses the opinion of others whom I have spoken to --- why can't that group or handful of people who have this inner faith plant and germinate that seed in the place in which they find themselves, for if they really have this inner vision or truth, nothing in the way of geographical boundaries should really be able to shake it. That there is a 'spirit of place' I do not question, but I believe that for each man this is an individual problem and must be worked out as such. For me it might be the Orient and perhaps for others New Mexico or South America even, and for still others some other part. But this 'spirit of place' must be distinguished from a way of life which can only be lived in certain lands. Perhaps even, a certain geographical atmosphere might facilitate this way of life, but it certainly cannot fulfill it in the other sense.

Although for myself, I might be one of those willing to try new earths for this thing, I still feel that a paradise can be or should be able to be created wherever one is, if one really has the inner stuff that paradises of this sort are made of.

Another question which occurred to me is what makes you think that Mexico or South America is the suitable fertile spot for a group of this sort to go. It would seem to me that although Lawrence loved Mexico he never found even there that which he was seeking. For Lawrence, like all men who have that all too con-

sumable fire within them, must go on searching for something that doesn't exist anywhere on geographical earth, because that is only in oneself, and Lawrence, like others, thought it could be found outside in the palpable atmosphere (I mean of course only so far as geographical living is concerned) and therefore never found it to his dying day. For that which he wanted was truly within himself and could be created only by himself regardless of where he was.

Another thing which comes to my mind is the danger of really judging the inner faith and valor of a group of this sort. For there will be people, who, thoroughly weary of life and low in spirit, would be willing to join a group of this kind and try life anew, experimentally as it were. And this would only be an added hardship to the already many others that I can foresee, for these people would start with the added handicap of the death within them that has never completely died and therefore never resurrected.

Truly, I feel that a magazine such as *The Phoenix* is very much needed here and should be continued at all costs right here in the paradise we must create for ourselves even though the hell fires burn all around us. I, for one, shall try to obtain the future issues of *The Phoenix* and follow them with interest. Whichever course it takes, my best wishes, and may the Gods be with you.

Belvina Slotnikov
New York City

I would be pleased if you could send me the latest issue of *The Phoenix*. I wish to read more of this struggle against what we have to contend with today. I'll pass my copies along.

I do not agree *wholeheartedly* with what your publication holds to, but I do feel that you have a grasp of what constitutes a profound sickness in *our* world today, and I say *our* world advisedly because there must be a vanguard to lead in the *near future*.

I am not too articulate in this meduim, but I do think that you are really attempting something that in its *essence* has the same *power* as the writers in the Old Testament.

Wishing you success and a brighter New Year, for

as you know, we surely need it in these days of darkness.

Ernest Quilter
New York City

I read with interest your review of *The Townsman* and am relieved to find that there are other people in the world who think that the modern *Signpost to Kulchur* writes trash. I mean Ezra Pound. I find that the writers of *The Townsman* are completely at sea. They have started this *intellectual* bunk and they don't know how to stop. Even Eliot seems to be going the same way with his Five Points on Dramatic Writing. As for Ronald Duncan's writings, I am still trying to find out what's he talking about (especially his play). Believe me, it is a relief to find that there is at least one other person in the world who has not fallen under the spell at this gang of pseudo-highlights. In London, you know, if you mention the name Ezra Pound, everyone goes all intellectual-looking, and pretend he is the one and only writer they have any time for. He seems to have a great following here, especially among the more Fascist-minded *intelligentsia*.

I think you are right in your article *In Reply*. I too think that the time has come for the banding together of the few people to shun the trammelings of modern society, to denounce the cheap, destructive policies of the modern world, and to accept with simplicity life in its true and honest form. The people are so drugged by the present day ideas that they can no longer see anything worth while in life. And you now get the kind of writings one sees in such journals as *The Townsman*.

And the organized church, I think, is embittering great numbers of the younger people all over the world. The people in the churches are so blinded by their bloody conceit and holiness and saved-ness that the rest of the world can go to hell. Their attitude is: If you don't like us, then clear out. Actually, I rejoice at this attitude, because I feel that some day they are going to hang themselves, and then the religion of that utterly simple man, Jesus, will be preached instead of that of that crooked theologian, Paul of Tarsus.

Already, in this country, there are numerous or-

ganizations that have broken away from the established churches and are trying to live communally in accordance with the teachings of the Sermon of the Mount. I am going to get some of their Magazines and will send you on copies. I am studying keenly their ideas and hopes and aspirations. But, here is the snag. And this brings out the point in one of the paragraphs in your letter when you say that there are men of honour and truth who pledge their allegiance to Christ but who still seem unable to free their feet from the destroying influence of the Churches. This is, alas, only too true. I have so far not found one of these organizations to which I referred that has completely and utterly cut away from the Church. And, through this, I am afraid they are doomed to failure. But at least it shows that there is a strong desire to get away from this devilish influence, and later, these organizations may have the pluck to cut completely. Then, and then only am I prepared to associate with them. Did you know that ... But, enough of this. The Christianity in this country is too sordid and filthy to discuss. I don't know if it's as bad in America, I expect it is the same all the world over.

Best wishes,

Stewart Chedburn,
London, England

... I'm not a fascist, nor have I any great sympathy for either fascism or that mess that goes under the name of Communism (but is really only the reverse of the same coin containing the pictures Hitler & Muss.). However, nothing is an unmitigated evil, nor an unmixed blessing. Calling what we have in this country, and in England and France "democracy" is a stinking lie. It is but little different from what men have in Russia or Italy or Germany --- and what difference there really is, is merely a matter of degree.

The real culprit is *Industrialism*. Men will, I sorely fear, never stop brawling and battling and trying to take advantage of each other, the Rousseauists notwithstanding. The only remedy I can see is to keep things (ownership, government, etc.) small and local. The evils will then be easier to see and correct, and respon-

sibility will be very hard for an individual man to duck. People are too ready to pass the buck to the point where no one is responsible, and where no one can possibly be responsible unless he is responsible for everything.

The collectivists (of every shade and color) think to overcome the evil by making everyone irresponsible and impotent. Because man has made a world and a system he can't control as a man, they want to strip him of his manhood and with a few "presto changes" transform his world into a sanitary dairy farm, and transform men into domesticated cattle. A pox on *all* their houses.

The prospect is enough to make a sane man vomit! The actuality would be enough to induce a Just God to destroy utterly the mess they are creating!

He is destroying it and them --- death is the wages of sin, material or formal, and these fools are rapidly finding it out! Urban men grow more and more impotent and sterile --- walking corpses! They are dead inside. Because they have misused their reproductive powers, those powers atrophy. Because they won't think, it soon turns out that they can't think. And because they will not use their wills all the time, they can't find the power in the will when something comes up that they have to decide, etc., etc. For them there is no peace, no love, no happiness.

We need more men like Leon Bloy to write with holy rage against the death and despair men of bad will and worse intelligence are spreading.

The only answer I can see is in the Land and Crafts. Dictators may dominate, Capitalists swindle, etc., etc. But they must come to the peasant for food. The crafts are the servants of the peasant, in a way, since they are the forms of secondary production suited to the needs of agrarian life. Each of these places a maximum on integrity (full use of Free Will, intelligence and goodness), and men who are using their wills and brains and love in all their acts will be bad fodder for collectivists to swallow.

It will take a strong faith to carry on in the face of injustice, persecution, etc., and hold out until the bankers and Duce's and Stalins depart. But they must and will.

And I have a personal belief that if those of us who are trying to achieve wholeness (which is what *holiness* is) *follow* Christ (not just give his teaching intellectual assent) and return good for evil, that we will not only save ourselves and our own, but that we will convert many of our opponents to the cause of human salvation.

You may not believe that --- many don't. But if I did not believe it, I should be inclined to despair! Writing straight with crooked lines is a task of Divine proportions, and it can not be accomplished by Man unaided.

It is a further belief of mine that Christ is with and in every man who is following his own true lights, and that Christ will not see him flounder around, but will send the Holy Spirit to give him strength and more light. This is a Catholic belief, though it isn't often that critics of Catholicism give her credit for it.

Enough, you will think I am trying to convert you --- and I am not, because no one can convert you except God, and that in His own good time, if ever in this life. But just as you wanted to lay your cards on the table, so I wanted to lay mine there too. It is better that we know each other's ideas and beliefs. Knowledge is the best dispeller of prejudice I know, and in our world today prejudice causes an awful amount of trouble...

We have a fairly large house with a bit of poor land around it for which we pay a seemingly enormous rent (though it seems that the other inhabitants of the place and the landlord don't share that view). The shop takes up a couple of rooms and we live in the rest. Money is the main worry here too. It has taken two tons of coal a month to heat the place, and with all the other expenses of daily life it has left me in the position of stalling off a batch of creditors with a few dollars at a time. It is an "ugly gauntlet," but I don't see any end to it soon. There is no peace for the poor!

God be with you. I must be getting back to work again, as my lunch hour is over. With every good wish,

Yours,

Thomas Barry
Editor, The Sower
Scotch Plains, New Jersey

I have sent you all previous issues of *Living Marxism*, which, if you read them, would convince you that there are quite a few Marxists who must be distinguished from "official" Marxism, and who realize that historical materialism must be applied to Marxian theory and practice. There is no doubt that the Marxist today has to fight most of all the "Marxist". What generally goes today for Marxism is actually realized in the different brands of fascism, the Russian included. Exploitation is to be better organized: this seems to be the ideal of the the diverse labor organizations; but this can also be done, and even better, by the new fascist organizations.

The new issue of *Living Marxism* will appear at the end of next week. The leading article quotes a sentence from *The Phoenix* which I like particularly well.

Your difficulties as regards the publication of *The Phoenix* are to a large extent our own. Most of our friends are either on W P A or out of work altogether, and our group is very small, which will explain to you the irregularity of the appearance of our magazine. Your magazine circulates among our friends; the reviews from the second issue we even read aloud at a meeting, for we really enjoyed them. I am almost sure that some of our friends will subscribe.

I enjoyed your reply in the second issue of *The Phoenix*, however, not so much because of what you said but because of the way in which you said it. Your open letter in the first issue I did not like at all. Not because I am for the machine, but because the whole problem seems to me to be highly artificial. To be for or against something presupposes the objective possibility either to do without it or the ability to destroy it. Both things, I believe, are not possible. To live without the machine is realizable only for a limited number of people. For this reason the destruction of the machine is also excluded. Why should I bother myself with unsolvable problems, if there are so many real ones?

As to the third issue of *The Phoenix*, I would like to say that the story *Max* meant to me the best the issue contained I felt a certain artificiality in Lawrence's *New Mexico;* it was a little bit *too much;* though I liked reading it. *Max*, however, is the truth and not the truth.

The *uselessness* of it all is our own frustration, but this frustration is also *useful* as it creates hate. Taken as a fragment, as all things have to be taken, Miller's story is true; still he deals only with appearance, not with reality. But I don't *criticize* such work, I adopt it like a picture, as part of my experience provided by somebody else, and I am thankful.

Beyond the Bread Principle interested me less than Fraenkel's previous paper. What he knows about Marx he knows quite well, but he doesn't know enough. I am convinced that he could not have written his article if he had studied Marx further. After all, what he offers beyond Marx is only a poem --- words; he might be able to provide recreation, but not action. Even to think beyond the bread principle is only possible after Mr. Fraenkel has eaten. He must show that he lives on air to show sense in his article. However, his Marx interpretation has produced, maybe even accidentally, a few good sentences (p. 76, "philosophy goes to work," etc.). If this article shows anything, it shows first of all that Marxism is still living; and I refuse to be interested in dead or coming generations.

With all best wishes,
Paul Mattick
Editor, Living Marxism
Chicago, Illinois

D.S. Savage has posted on *Phoenix No. 3* to me here; thanks a lot. Today is this war-baby's birthday and between work on this bloody dairy-farm I've been reading through the 156 pages. I can't understand Porteus or or Symons, whom I know, slamming it, especially in *Purpose*. I respect these two rather: I can only put it down to an excess admiration for Wyndham Lewis which both share in --- although perhaps it wouldn't be bad for you to ape his *Enemy* stance! I think you do realize that theology and politics are implicit in all significant art --- a *Weltenschauung*, Lewis can't realize --- communists --- Russia --- democratic ideals --- Lewis as an artist at least has a free mind!

I'm not terribly interested in *The Phoenix* from the literary angle --- I enjoyed both Miller and Kay Boyle in parts though. What I do find exciting is your *colony*

idea; and I do think you ought to get that planned out completely in your paper first. I've visited two colonies in England --- the Lutheran German speaking one, the Anarchist one in Gloucestershire. Are you going to be communal or each have his own plot and shack? That's what interests me! And I am interested because I've had a little experience with Unemployed Camps and a Nationalist Summer School. That's where you'll flop if you don't watch out beforehand.

The trouble in my village I find, with communal relationships, is that everybody is already dead. It is only a small Welsh-speaking hamlet really. All the bright lads are immediately claimed by English big business...

I'm sure no one works harder than myself --- the work on the farm is endless, then there's the magazine (*Wales*) which I edit, type, distribute without any outside help; and of course my own writings --- mostly done in the open air, perchance.

I don't know what appeared in the first and second issues of *Phoenix*, except of course from the "reviews". Don't let Hawkins put you off: he's not a bit creative --- a poet manqué ... the kind a of guy who knows everything about novel-writing but couldn't write a page of fiction himself. If he did I'm sure it would be damned boring and colourless.

Anyway your announcement in *Seven* did make me admire the spirit behind *The Phoenix*. Eward Carpenter - Whitman - Van Gogh - Thoreau - anybody you like. Lawrence is not the sole prophet! although perhaps the most influential.

Let me know about these things. It's getting late and I'm frightfully tired just now and must go to bed. Have to be up at 5:30 A. M. for milking.

I would send you some money but I haven't any myself now --- I made some in the Air Force and started the magazine out of it. And my people who have just bought this outlandish place don't quite believe in writers anymore! And plenty call here. Doesn't say much for them. I'd rather believe in peasants any old time. Yessir. Otherwise I'd cross over to New York for a fortnight or so --- because I do think you've got hold

of something important and vital --- something unique in this Sensate-Mayfairy world.

Best greetings,
Keidrich Rhys
Editor of Wales
Penybout Farm, Llangadock, Carmarthenshire, Wales, England

Yes, we can say with certainty that we will be willing to join in with you when you have discovered a suitable tract of land.

I am wondering, though, just how far it is possible to be "sufficient unto ourselves", to cut ourselves off from the greater society. It seems to me that to continue publishing *The Phoenix* (I am glad to see that you intend to do this) implies a contact with people outside the commune, which implies in turn a certain kinship with others in the greater society, an attempt to influence that society. To that extent, *The Phoenix* itself would be to some extent dependent upon outside society. And materially you would have to have money to buy materials such as ink and paper, which presumes a a commerce with outside society, financially. The further away from society you go, the more difficult becomes communication with society, and the more problems there will be over transport of such necessary goods as such a commune as ours would require. I imagine, though, the commune would be situated somewhere near a market of some kind, for the exchange of natural produce.

That is a very vexed point, as I see it. The solution, perhaps, lies in not making a too sudden and absolute break with society, but gradually preparing the commune to be self-sufficient in time of need. After all, it is the evil in the old society we wish to break with; we wish to communicate with the good.

I feel that what you say about the "approaching cataclysms" is only too true. Yet it is terribly difficult to tear up one's roots from a country one loves and knows, and to *leave behind* people one cares for to possible destruction in the cataclysms you speak of, which cannot be other than European wars. The only possible possible justification, it seems to me, is whether it is

more creative to stay behind and share the sufferings of one's people, or to leave them behind and venture into a new life. I think you are right in what you say, though among the "deathward polarized masses" are good and fine people, and it is leaving *them* behind that is so painful.

Personally, I feel I must get out of my present mechanical cramped existence somehow, and I would join you even if it were not for the approaching cataclysms. In fact, it is the thought of these cataclysms which deters me, or makes me hesitate, though at the same time I should feel relief at getting away from here, and really feel that would be more creative --- one is so isolated here in London now, and nothing effective, it seems, can be done against the deathward polarity. Life seems slowly to be taking on more and more sinister and grotesque forms and expressions. There is a poster I pass on my way to work every day: *A.R.P.* (Air Raids Precautions) --- a ghoulish figure in a gas mask with a pipe at the muzzle lifting a gloved arm and the legend written across the picture: IT'S THE WOMEN WE WANT. And there seems no resistance to all this. An Air-Raid Warden knocked at our door to enquire whether my wife and I were fitted up with gas masks. Of course, we were not. He understood we had a baby. Unfortunately, there is no means of protection for babies yet discovered against gas attacks. Meanwhile, the British government is issuing to householders a galvanized iron bomb shelter which has to be dug into the ground, like an Eskimo igloo. However, we agree the world is going mad!

Well --- for the time being, salutations, and our hopes for the establishment of the commune in the near future.

S.S
London, England.

This morning I received a long letter from a friend telling me about your commune; by this same post came an air-mail letter from my father (a rare event!) telling me he was leaving the city of Buenos Aires to buy and work on the Land. About 200 acres, would I join him in helping to make it a sucess? These two

letters which contained much the same ideals fired me considerably.

I see in your summer number you have written about the Incas, etc. I have been amongst their graves: seen some of the remaining Indians and shall always call myself "the child of the Sun."

Do you know a book entitled *The Fat of the Land?* An American author I believe. It was this that first inspired my father to return to the soil. (A frightful title, but full of practical details, so essential.)

Do you know the Chilean lakes? The last base of the Incas. Nahuel Huappi ... Pilcaneyneu ... San Martin de los Andes. I shall be returning there in a few months. I have been here on the *Fortunate Isles* (Biblical term for them) for the past three months --- on a fazenda halfway up a Mountain overlooking the sea.

I have decided to enclose one of my father's letters --- from a trip he has just completed to the lakes. If you wanted any information on the Argentine section of South America, I know my father would give it to you; or failing this, put you in touch with someone who knew. He has done a great deal of exploring over unknown tracts with geologists and other scientists. So perhaps if it should prove necessary he might be able to help. His address is on the letter.

Al Tierra con el cabeza al Sol!

Lynette Roberts
Portugal

MUSICAL RECORDINGS RECIEVED

Stephen Foster Melodies (Five 10-inch records. Frank Luther & The Lyn Quartet. Decca Album No. 15. Price: $2.25)

This is analbum that is worth having. For those of us who sang these lyrics and melodies during the unsuspecting innocence of our childhood days, the nostalgic sadness they awaken will be deepened. And even for others, who have not, they will be a most welcome relief from the sickening bilge of current popular songs. For Stephen Foster's ballads and melodies are permeated by a sweet, earthy sentimentality that emanated from the agrarian life of this country. And that warm, rich, human life has long since been slimed over and paralysed by the advance of Industrialism vomiting forth tractors, machines, chemical fertilizers, Hollywood-Chamber of Commerce-Radio City "culture", etc. etc. --- leaving in its wake droughts, floods, erosion, abandoned farms, tenement slums, moral collapse, and a people waiting in numbed terror and secret longing for War to deliver them from the debased nullity of their lives into the oblivion of the grave.

To all such thin-blooded, emasculated people who allowed joy and mirth and laughter to die out of their lives, and who sit huddled around their radios listening in imbecilic apathy to the Ghost-to-Ghost radio broadcasts of the far-flung commencing death-spasms of the

modern world, Stephen Foster's *Merry, Merry Heart* still rings out with a brave scorn and defiance:

Some folks like to sigh,
Some folks do, some folks do,
Some folks long to die,
But that's not me nor you.

Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks toil and slave,
Some folks do, some folks do,
To buy themselves a grave,
But that's not me nor you.

Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

And contrast the words of *Nelly Bly* with any of the slobberings of today's love songs:

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly,
Bring the broom along,
We'll sweep the kitchen clean, my dear,
And have a little song.

Poke the wood, my lady-love,
And make the fire burn.
And while I take the banjo down,
Just give the mush a turn.

Heigh! Nelly, Ho! Nelly,
Listen, love, to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you
A dulcet melody.

Or compare the simple lyrics and grieving melody of *Hard Times* with any of the maudlin ballads babbling

ceaselessly out of the million-mouthed radio loud-speakers:

There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh! hard times, come again no more.
Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more,
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh! hard times, come again no more.

Well, there's still a long gauntlet of hard times to be passed through by those of us who are preparing to extricate ourselves from the mad-house of Industrial society and make our way back to the land in an agrarian mode of life. But most people of today haven't enough courage and vision left to return to the land *alive*. They'll wait in degraded, cowardly huddles of offices, factories, tenements, cities, and armies, until they return to the land inside their coffins.

* * *

Songs of Modeste Moussorgsky (Sung in Russian by Vladimir Rosing, tenor. Piano acc. by Hans Gellhorn. Six 12-inch records. Decca Album No. 1. Price: $7.00)

This album contains fourteen of Moussorgsky's some forty songs. Written as they were in the 19th century, they all seem to be darkly shadowed by a morbid premonition of the blight that has now spread over the turbulent richness of Russia and its people. The song titled *Reverie of the Young Peasant* is, however, of particular beauty.

* * *

Songs of Famous Russian Composers (Sung in Russian by Vladimir Rosing. Piano acc. by Hans Gellhorn. Twenty songs. Five 12-inch records. Decca Album No. 9. Price $5.75)

Contains *Northern Star* and *Crusader's Song*, by Glinka; *Song of the Poor Wanderer*, by Nevstrueff; *The Miller*, by Dargomuizjsky; *The Sea*, by Borodin; Rimsky-Korsakov's exquisite song *The Rose and the Nightingale*, and his *Southern Night*; *Do not Speak, Beloved,-At the Ball,- Again, as Before,-* and *Why?*, by Tchaikovsky;

Cradle Song, and *Autumn*, by Arensky; *The Mournful Steppe*, *Snowflakes*, and *Rain*, by Gretchaninov; *Oh, Do Not Sing Again*, *The Island*, *In the Silent Night*, and *Spring Waters*, by Rachmaninoff.

* * *

Mexican Melodies (Five 10-inch records. Harry Horlick & His Orchestra. Decca Album No. 27. Price: $2.25)

There are no words sung to these melodies. But despite this lamentable omission, and despite that the music is played by an Americanized orchestra, instead of a native Mexican one, this is a delightful album. It contains, among others, the rancheros song *Cancion Mixteca*, a wild, gay melody, imbued with the lilting rise and fall of singing horsemen; *Cuatra Milpas* (Four Cornfields), the song of a Mexican peon who must leave his corn-fields for conscription in the "Revolution"; *La Borrachita* (The Little Drunken Girl), another haunting song of farewell sung by a peon parting with his sweetheart after being summoned to serve in the Army; *Donde Estas Corazon*, a very lovely melody; and various others more familiar to American ears.

* * *

Spanish and Mexican Folk Dances (Five 10-inch records, played by a Mexican Dance Orchestra. Decca Album No. 28. Price: $2.25)

This album is also exciting. Makes one realize forcibly that there are living, passionate dances beyond the gooey clingings and spasmodic twitchings of the corpses in modern danse macabre halls. Contains *El Garrotin*, an ancient Andalucian gypsy dance; *The Jota*, composed by a moor named Aben Jot, exiled from Valencia in the 12th century because of his licentious singing. Jot, however, found a hearty welcome and haven in an Aragon village. And although the governor of the province imposed severe penalties on the dancers of Aben Jot's *Jota*, the Aragon natives continued to perform it, especially on fiesta days.

Other dances in this album include *Las Chiapenecas*, embodying ancient Mayan melodies; *La Zandunga*, a Mexican regional dance; and *Jarabe Tapatio*, a wild blood-rousing Mexican hat dance.

The Life of D. H. Lawrence, by Hugh Kingsmill

(Publisher: One of the numerous Manhattan sewerage-disposal outlets of the international cloaca of current "literature".)

Before reading this book, any decent warm-hearted man or woman --- who is fool enough to want to after being warned by this review --- should first put on rubber gloves and a gas-mask, and have handy a pair of long tweezers for turning the pages. And a pot alongside to puke in. For this is the sort of book that would make even a professional cess-pool cleaner puke. And since we have taken it upon ourselves to carry out this nasty, but sorely needed, vermifugal task, let's get it over with as swiftly as possible.

This book was written by some scavenging English hack who has the soul of a maggot. The tomb of today is over-run with such creatures, spewn forth by the putrefaction of these times. They scuttle and squirm through the corpse of this civilization --- through the governments, the industries, the churches, and the arts --- glutting themselves swollen on death. And their names are too myriad to mention.

This particular one has chosen the grave-yard of "literature" for his feasting grounds. He creeps through the carrion books written about Lawrence, fishing up horrid little morsels from the writings of such people as Mabel Dodge Luhan and John Middleton Murry, who claim to have *known* D. H. Lawrence. And then, after gloating ghoulishly over these choice tid-bits, he swallows them, and in due time defecates them, transformed into his own diarhoeal judgements of Lawrence. Here are a few specimens of Kingsmill's offal which, with the help of his publishers, he flings in a vicious, cretin hatred at the departed D. H. Lawrence:

"Imbecile ... cripple ... pseudo-mystic ... charlatan ... selfish ... dishonest ... snob ... humorless ... ungrateful ... subnormal ... effeminate ... melodramatic ... water-logged dictator ... obscene ..."

And here are some Kingsmill's *analytical* evaluations of Lawrence's writings:

"Tinsel ... turgid rigamarole ... humorless ... false .. pretensious imbecility ... program very similiar to the one which Hitler has ... pornographical ..."

In the face of this, the cess-pool publishing firm, which pays Kingsmill a percentage of the profits in thus vilifying D. H. Lawrence, informs prospective purchasers via the jacket blurb:

"No name in modern letters is more significant than that of David Herbert Lawrence. Critical in its evaluation, this biography is sufficiently detached to give a vivid picture of the literary artist. The *analysis* which Mr. Kingsmill makes of Lawrence's books are brief, dramatic, *and heighten the reader's appreciation of an extraordinary genius.*" (Our italics of course.)

But what lends the most desecrating aspect to these "evaluations" is that they are interspersed, for the most part, among long quotations from D. H. Lawrence's own writings. And how it was that Frieda Lawrence, or even Lawrence's publishers themselves, could have *allowed* these reprints for sake of such cretin defilement, is beyond my understanding. But in days like these, when the maggots are teeming in the tomb of this civilization, I suppose that not even a circle of angels armed with flaming swords could safely guard the names and graves of heroic men, such as D. H. Lawrence, who perished amongst us in a brave, unswerving struggle to roll aside the Easter stone and open up the way into resurrection and life again. Some of the necrophagous swarms, such as this Kingsmill, are bound to creep past, leaving their slimy trails behind them.

But scribblers like Hugh Kingsmill, Mabel Dodge Luhan, and J. M. Murry only succeed in revealing their own ghastly egotism, moral sterility, and rotteness in in their futile attempts to defame and darken a gleaming hero of this tragic age. And not even those of us who keep the staunchest faith with Lawrence in the savage pilgrimage of these days can indite such creatures more terribly than they have indited themselves. We can't even insult them more deeply than they've insulted themselves.

What is there left to say to a Kingsmill, who, after reading Lawrence's collected letters, can only sneer because Lawrence, while he was in Italy "dated letters to English friends 'Maggio' and 'Junio'," instead of using 'May' and 'June'; who describes Lawrence's verse as "spasmodic and broken-backed"; who says jeeringly: "So far as one can salvage anything concrete out of *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, it is a belief in the possibility of re-establishing some kind of connection, once known and now forgotten, between man and the cosmos"; who quotes Lawrence's words: " I honestly think that the great pagan world of which Egypt and Greece were the last living terms ... had a vast and perhaps perfect science of its own, a science in terms of life ... Druids or Etruscans or Chaldeans or Amerindians or Chinese refused to forget, but taught the old wisdom, only in its half-forgotten, symbolical forms. More or less forgotten as knowledge: remembered as ritual, gesture, and myth-story"---only to prove that Lawrence was an "imbecile and pseudo-mystic"; who says: "The obscenity in *Lady Chatterly* is of the painstaking, unimaginative kind"; who says that "to be solemn about the organs of generation is only possible to someone like Lawrence" and that "the sexual act is either comic or disgusting," and who then proceeds with an amazing stupidity and blindness, and unwittingly annihilates himself and his kind by quoting Lawrence's words: "Sex is a creative flow, the excremetory flow is towards dissolution, de-creation ... Our profoundest instincts are perhaps our instincts between the two flows. But in the degraded human being the two flows become identical. *This* is the secret of really vulgar and of pornographical people: the sex flow and the excrement flow is the same thing to them"; who claims that Lawrence was greedy for money and "accumulated a good deal", and then with the same cretin logic tells how Lawrence "left more than £2000" at his death, and quotes Lawrence's words: "I shan't die a rich man now ... perhaps it's just as well, it might have done something to me ... A lot of money has an influence on the nature of a man that is not to be resisted. I *feel* myself that I, at least should be able to resist it. But that's just

how everybody feels, and I suppose I'd not be so different from the rest of mankind. Money, much money, has a really magical touch to make a man insensitive and so make him wicked ... Kill money, put money out of existence. It is a perverted instinct, a hidden thought which rots the brain, the blood, the bones, the stones, the soul. O! start a revolution somebody! Not to get money, but to lose it forever"; who says of Lawrence's splendid fecund book *Apocalypse:* "Lawrence emerges at last out of this morass with a program very similar to the one which Hitler has been working out."

In closing it might be worth while to mention that in a recent issue of *The New Republic* some piddling critic named Harry Moore used Kingsmill's book as a vantage point to make an oblique squeak in the direction of *The Phoenix*. Critic Moore wrote:

"Kingsmill's skeptical attitude will have a corrective value if it helps to discourage the Lorenzophiliacs who try too literally to worship the Master: as witness the editorial bubbles in the Phoenix quarterly published at at Woodstock, New York --- at least Kingsmill serves as a low bridge to knock off those who try to ride on top of the train."

And so we'll leave Kingsmill in the hands of all the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, with their choo-choo train fantasies of how they've at last found a powerful ally in their search for "help to discourage" The Phoenix.

The Sun of Justice, by Harold Robbins

(Publisher: Heath Cranton Limited, 6 Fleet Lane, London E. C. 4
American Distributor: Thomas Barry, R. F. D. 1, Scotch Plains, N. J.)

The most amazing thing about this book --- at least for anyone like myself, who has bitterly learned to approach all modern advocates of organized Christianity with the deepest wariness and distrust --- is that it will make even the most skeptical and hostile of us inwardly yield before the illuminating testimony that the Roman Catholic Church still possesses the allegiance of a few men who are truly noble and courageous: men to be reckoned with, and, what's more, *to be counted on* in humanity's present terrible struggle for an *earthly* resurrection from the tomb of modern society.

That is, of course, it will make yield those of us who read this book with *open* hearts. And for those of us who are still capable of doing this, then, no matter how deep-sown and long-nurtured is our enmity and condemnation of the organized churches of Christianity, we will be convinced that there are still *some* men of faith and vision and daring moving within the ritual and dogma of the Christian Church towards a way back into life again. *And moving in the only fecund direction:* away from cities and factories and all the insane suffocating labyrinth of industrialism in a return to the simple dignity and fullness of a mode of life rooted in agriculture and the handicrafts.

Now how it is that such sincere, intelligent, deeply admirable men as Harold Robbins see fit to move within the frightful pharasaical corruption of the Roman Catholic Church is something that to me is sorely perplexing. But make no mistake. Men like Harold Robbins are of a totally different order than such rabble-rousing hypocrites as the Father Coughlins of the Roman Catholic Church. And they're of a different order, too, from the foul priests and bishops that blessed and and gathered financial aid for Roman Catholic Franco's *victorious* (!) slaughter in Spain. Indeed, it is most difficult to understand how men like Harold Robbins can be mothered by that same Church which is so profoundly responsible and so hopelessly entangled with the blight of life today; that same Church which

has as its accepted leaders such eunuchs (spiritually as well as physically) as the present Pope, who dwells in the most disgusting opulence and gaudy pomp against the stricken, starving background of his internationally enslaved flock, and who, trembling in the shadow of Mussolini and his henchmen, makes a cravenly Easter message in this black year of 1939 A. D.: a *diplomatic* Easter message, gelded of any semblance of wrath and pity over the ghastly state of modern society, offering his followers no way of action beyond that of prayar!!! How revolting it is when inner sterility strives to conceal its emptiness by an *outward* display of pomp and ceremony.

Well, from the depths of my heart I curse the Pope and his like. And from the very depths of my heart go my blessings for all such Christians as Harold Robbins. May their struggles be fruitful in the midst of all the overwhelming adversities that confront them.

"Working folk," writes Harold Robbins, "are the infantry of the Church. They are suffering an attack of unprecedented violence and malice. Their bodies are beaten down to the mud of servile work and destitution, their souls to the mud of despair. It seems somewhat inadequate to attempt to raise and stiffen them by telling them not to be Communists, or by echoing the claim of their Trade Unions to a living wage. They need in full measure the succor of the mind. They need the vision, not of the isolated brickwork, but of the City of God ... If, therefore, hours of employment, the living wage, and housing, are not discussed in this book, it is because they have no necessary relation to a discussion of the type of society which the Church wants. For nothing is more certain than that whatever such a society resembles, it will not resemble Industrial Capitalism ... The greatest fight of our history is upon us ... It will be our fault, and not the fault of the Church, if Arcadia does not exist again. But we must not confine ourselves to echoing interested Bourgeois on Communism, or even disinterested Trade Unions on the living wage. We have rather more to offer, and this is an attempt to offer it ... Our easy prophets depict a mechanized, a Totalitarian or a chess-planned world. Usually all three together. On the anology of the past it will be none of them ... But let us not forget that the reasons for these falsifications of seculiar prophecy are the irresistible forces of numberless human wills, working usually in silence and the dark It is our duty and privilege to supply the light which will kindle those wills to flame ... The Family is the primal human society, found everywhere and always that mankind is found. It is the archetype of social life, a true autonomous society. It is attacked and degraded only when human dignity is attacked and degraded. And it is the touchstone by which all human combinations are to

be judged ... Since in no other human affairs do we expect and obtain the same degree of unselfish love and sacrifice as in the Family, any community which thwarts or hampers it is to the degree of such action committing suicide ... It is of great significance that the attack of the Modern World on normal human life has concentrated on the ultimate human substances, the Person and the Family. Perhaps it has been even more active against the latter than the former. For if totalitarian despotism on the one hand, and industrialism on the other, can break down these two centres of social resistance, there will be no social barrier against the reduction of mankind to a condition of slavery ... There have been many oppressions and evils in the past. To-day, almost for the first time since the old slave state declined, we are faced with a general attack on the ultimate realities of life ... Do we want Persons and Families or not? If we do, we must surround them with such buttresses as will reduce their enemies to impotence ..."

It is at this point in his book, where Robbins states that the *buttress of freedom* advocated by the Catholic Church is rooted in *private property*, that I seriously question the fate of any such Christian agrarian society. Robbins attempts to bolster up his belief in his Church's dogma of private property by quoting from St. Thomas Aquinas, whom he calls severely realistic: "Every man is more careful to procure what is for himself alone than that which is common to many or to all." But this seems a quite mean judgement of men. It may be true in a degenerated society like the present one, but I believe that men have the *potentiality* to break down the barriers of private property and dwell in the flowing communion of a true commune. There will always be such privately owned things as dwelling-places, tools, implements, garments, and probably a few domesticated or pet animals. But the toil in the fields and the harvests thereof should, I feel, be communal, and so too should be the hazards and the yields of hunting and fishing --- as they were among the communal hierarchies of the past.

This is an essential aspect, and should be clarified much more fully than space here now permits. But I wanted to at least indicate that we do not agree with Robbins' acceptance of his Church's doctrine of private property. To continue, then, with this running gist of all those things in Robbins' book which we *do* feel a profound sympathy for:

"Since the primary human needs are food, clothing, shelter and fuel, in that order, the husbandman is the classic independent Person and closest to the Catholic concept, for in husbandry all these essential goods are under immediate control. And moreover human work is dignified in a proportion to its necessity. It is necessary for a husbandman to be in immediate physical contact with his land. The next most perfect setting for the Person is that of the Craftsman in necessary works. The maker of primary tools, the builder of houses, the weaver, the maker of furniture ... Only balanced and dignified work leads to balanced and dignified leisure ... Too much and too constant work brutalizes a man ... Too much and too constant leisure dissipates and degrades him. The evidence afforded by the leisured classes of history is conclusive on this point ... It cannot be doubted that the general hankering after leisure which is a mark of industrialized societies is an instinctive reaction against degraded forms of work and would be relatively absent from a sounder society ... Humanly speaking some major catastrophe, due to the enormous modern affronts to justice and nature, will have to prelude a reaction on an adequate scale ... Up to the present the form of Industrialism has been Capitalist, but there is no obstacle to a full Industrialism on a Communist-Fascist basis. That, indeed, is its logical end ... In either form it is anti-Catholic ... In its Capitalist form, it has always imposed insufficiency and insecurity on the bulk of its personnel and intends to continue doing so, for work under Industrialism is so repugnant and uninteresting that only 'the fear ot the sack' will ensure a supply of labour. In its Collectivist form, all other things being equal (which they are not) it is slightly less intolerable to Catholic principles, for at least the intention is to divide up the total product with some regard to fairness ... Industrialism is bound almost from its origins, and irrevocably, to the machine ... As a feature or a determinant of social life Industrialism came in with mechanization. Everywhere it has imposed a like form on society. It has drawn property into huge aggregations owned by a small minority of the community ... It has drawn populations into huge aggregations of unprecedented size. There is no parallel in history to industrial towns like London, New York, or Berlin. It has imposed on social life, all over the world in which it operates, a monotony and standardization terrifying to anyone who grasps the essential richness and variety of human powers. It has imposed, and is imposing, a physical and spiritual sterility on mankind ... It is destructive of human personality ... It is not without interest that to many reformers Industrialism is still the the Promised Land in spite of its history of unrelieved squalor and oppression of the poor ... If Industrialism is hostile to the nature, welfare and real destiny of man, the official exponents of the Catholic doctrine are bound to dissuade Catholics from it as definitely as from any other occasion of sin ... Those whose families have been in the machine for many generations have had hitherto no real conception, and certainly no object-lesson or experience, of any alternative. Naturally they follow the normal human practice in trying to make the best of their lot. But as cheerfulness and humour in the trenches were

no justification for warfare, so resignation in Industrialism cannot be urged in favour of inaction ... Let us turn to the avowed case for Industrialism. I say the avowed case. because the real case is not avowable, being based entirely on avarice. It might have been that machines were initiated for some great good, as to drain a marsh. But the Dutch Engineers brought the Fens to their highest state of cultivability with no other machinery than windmills. No modern achievment under Industrialism surpasses this, even in mere scale and difficulty. Machines were in fact introduced to enable capitalists to make more and easier money. Until recently no serious attempt was made to invoke any higher motive. But with the advent of certain panaceas, themselves made necessary by the very existence of Industrialism, there has arisen a conviction that we can eat our cake and have it. That we can delete Capitalist and retain Industrialism with profit to all concerned. Their slogan is the 'Age of Plenty.' ... But is it true or possible? In two ways it can be shown to be false and suicidal ... Material resources are of two kinds, replaceable and irreplaceable. The replacables are organic products, the results of seasonal growths of crops. The irreplaceables are inorganic, such as minerals. Nature imposes an immovable limit to the increase of organic products, because these are seasonal, and no conceivable scientific method can remove this obstacle In past times society was normally organic in all its aspects, because the production of organic goods kept pace with the production by direct craft methods of inorganic goods. As soon as machine industry passed a certain modest point, a condition of strain or duality was set up. Machinery itself operates to a surprising extent on organic material. Fast machine weaving has a limit because wool and cotton are organic and cannot be multiplied quickly or indefinitely. Rubber is an organic product which imposes a practical limit on transport. Machine saw-mills, furniture factories and newspapers depend on forests for their continuance, and so on. Where the material is inorganic, as in iron and steel, the supply is immediately available, but irreplaceable.

NOTE: We deeply regret having to break off so abruptly in the midst of this review of Harold Robbins' book. But there is no space left, and so we shall have to publish the remaining portion in our next issue.

We intended to carry a notice of the quarterly magazine that Robbins edits in England: THE CROSS & THE PLOW. And also a notice of the American quarterly THE SOWER, which is devoted to invoking Catholics in this country to join in the Land & Crafts movement as a way out of the deathly debris of the Industrialist world. But lack of space prevents us from now giving these valuable publications anything save this brief mention.

THE CROSS & THE PLOW is published by the Catholic Land Federation of England and Wales, at Weeford Cottage, Hill, Sutton Coldfield, England. Subscription: One shilling per year.

THE SOWER is set by hand, printed, and edited by Thomas Barry, R.F.D. 1, Scotch Plains, New Jersey. Robbins is associate editor. Subscription: $1.00 per year.

(There was no room left for our Notes on Contributors, which we planned to carry in this issue. We'll carry them in our next number.)

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

H. M. Lydenberg, Director of the New York Public Library, has requested us to publish a notice that a copy of Volume I Number I of *The Phœnix,* which is now out of print, is needed to complete the New York Public Library's file to date. The courtesy would be appreciated if one of our readers, who no longer needs his copy, would present it to the Library.

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